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SPAIN.

THE first stage of the Spanish Revolution is at an end, and the reign of Queen ISABELLA is over. She is an exile in France, and a Provisional Government rules at Madrid. From the outset every day brought some news favourable to the insurgents, and none brought any favourable to the monarchy. The open town of Santander was indeed taken by the royal troops, but it was immediately evacuated, and reoccupied by the insurgents. This was the only gleam of good fortune for the QUEEN; and directly it became known that the QUEEN did not dare to go to her capital, it was evident that, without some signal success of her troops somewhere, the game was lost. So much did she herself realize this unpleasant fact, that she is said to have limited her hopes and wishes to carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare from the Basque provinces. But, besides that this would have been to sink into the humble position of a border chieftain, it was a project impossible to carry out, as the Basque provinces had no notion of being turned suddenly into a centre of loyalty. They were asked to rise *en masse*, and they responded by offering to raise six hundred men, not to fight, but to hang about the QUEEN, and protect her precious life. There was no heart anywhere in the resistance made, or pretended to be made, to the insurrection. The brothers CONCHA had no hope of success, for the QUEEN could not come to her capital except on conditions intolerable to her. She needs, in order to feel in the least comfortable as regards this world and the next, a person euphemistically called a "favourite," and a confessor dictating her political actions. It was entirely impossible that she could regain the confidence of her people unless she would humble herself so far as to keep up some show of decency, and unless she would give some security against the constant intrigues of her reactionary friends. She would not do this. Life was not worth having on terms so onerous; and she also very wisely judged that, even if she made the sacrifice, it would probably be unavailing. No one would believe in her sincerity, and then, if she were mistrusted, she would be a prisoner in the hands of her enemies, without any means of escape to the French frontier. She has taken the course best for Spain and for herself. She has really only one chance in the world. It may happen that the Revolution will perish through its own success; that its leaders, elated with so easy a victory, will be immoderate in their pretensions; and that the people, left so suddenly without a Government, will try in their distraction and embarrassment all kinds of impossible combinations and wild enterprises. A Republic may be set up, and it requires little political foresight to see that it could not last six months, and probably would not last six weeks. There is no Spanish Prince who has any chance; the movement is far too closely connected with the Liberal party to allow the success of the Count of MONTEMOLIN, who has already rushed to Spain to see if there is anything for him to pick up. The Duke of MONTPENSIER and his wife are equally unfit and unwilling to reign, and the only solution left is the sovereignty of a foreign Prince. It will be very difficult to choose one; it will be very difficult to get any one better than a needy adventurer to thrust himself into the hornet's nest of Spanish politics. If a foreign Prince is chosen, and accepts the difficult task, he is very likely to fail. Then will come the chance of Queen ISABELLA. Bad as she is, she may hope to be thought better than nothing. Her subjects may look back with pity and affection to one who, if she did no good to any human being, was at least able to make things go on in a sort of calm, and who conformed to, and even carried to an excess, the national views of religion and morals. She could have no chance of stemming or repelling a serious revolution, and she wisely gave way in

time. Pau is a very pleasant place at this time of year, and she can wait there comfortably, with her parasites and her family circle, until she can see what turn things are likely to take. A restoration, though very improbable, is not impossible, especially if the crisis that made it likely happened to coincide with one of her intervals of virtue. She will have to promise all sorts of good things for the future, but there need be no difficulty about that. It is less trouble to promise every conceivable kind of constitutional reform, and every possible moral and social amendment, than to go through the journey from Bayonne to Madrid. If there is no restoration, and she passes the rest of her days in exile, she may console herself by thinking that she is only sharing the lot of her family generally, and she will remember that it was with a show at least of extreme reluctance that her mother tore herself from the delights of Paris to take part in the government of Spain.

"The Queen of SPAIN, accompanied by Señor MARFORI, " has this day arrived at Bayonne." We hope this telegram will fall under the eyes of M. GUIZOT, and that the labours of that eminent philosopher in the composition of his "Meditations on Christianity" will be interrupted for a moment while he pauses to consider the result of his handiwork. The things he writes about are sublime, but among the things he did was that stroke of diplomacy which has ended in the wife of the Duke of CADIZ being an exile in such ignoble company. History scarcely records any position more abject than that of the miserable being who was thus promoted to sudden honour by M. GUIZOT, and who has figured before Europe for a long stretch of melancholy years as the King of SPAIN. He is literally never mentioned in these telegrams of the Revolution. No one who reads the Spanish news could possibly guess that the QUEEN has a living husband, and a husband who habitually occupies the same house with her. He has been so long a passive witness of what in other countries would be called his shame, and has so long contented himself with such feeble influence as he could exercise by feeding the flames of his wife's superstition with the fuel of his own more degraded fanaticism, that no one now cares to record where he is or what he is doing. It never struck any one that if the QUEEN could not go to Madrid, he could; and that if any one ought to be ready to fight for a wife, it is a husband. He is not of so much account in Spain as a groom of the chambers; and yet this is the man whom M. GUIZOT forced the QUEEN to marry when she was a mere child. The most terrible of the accusations against M. GUIZOT in the matter we believe to be wholly untrue, and to have been only a calumny invented by the malignity of those who were bitterly disappointed at the double marriage. Lord PALMERSTON did not object to the marriage of the QUEEN with the Duke of CADIZ, and this is quite sufficient. Lord PALMERSTON did not write Christian Meditations, but he was a man of unimpeachable honour. But M. GUIZOT made the QUEEN marry the Duke of CADIZ because he would allow no other candidate; the only alternative he ever gave her was Count TRAPANI, and Count TRAPANI would have been quite as unfit as the Duke of CADIZ. Merely to gratify the family pride of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and to carry out an imaginary policy of having always the right number of BOURBONS on European thrones, he insisted that she should marry a descendant of PHILIP V., and there were no other descendants available. No scruple as to giving the QUEEN a bad husband, or Spain a bad sovereign, ever entered his mind. It was his policy that the QUEEN should marry a boy whose character and antecedents gave no promise that he would avoid being either. M. GUIZOT triumphed, and he has for some years witnessed the result in the condition of Spain, and in the peculiar kind of revenge which the QUEEN felt herself at liberty to take. The English Cabinet was not equally

to blame, and perhaps it might be said that it was not to blame at all. It merely said that the QUEEN ought not to marry one of the sons of LOUIS PHILIPPE; and it is a very different thing to prevent a marriage with a particular family and to force on a marriage with a particular person. But events have shown how very unwise and unnecessary it was to interfere even so far as the English Cabinet interfered. Had England not stood in the way, the person whom the Queen of SPAIN would have married would have been, according to the wishes of her mother, the Duke of AUMALE. Thus, as things have turned out, what the English Cabinet did was to prevent the QUEEN marrying the man who, of all others, would have been the best possible King of Spain; who would have made the country once more famous in arts and arms, if any one could have done it; who would have been thoroughly true to the principles of constitutional liberty, which England tried for years to implant in the ungrateful soil of Spain; who would have kept Spain in an attitude towards Imperial France that might have been very useful to the general interests of Europe; and who certainly is not the kind of man to let his wife disgrace herself and retire with a friend to Bayonne, while he hung unnoticed about the house she had left.

Success always succeeds, and directly it was known that the Revolution was the winning cause, it was merely a question of a little personal dignity and decency how this final triumph was to be managed. PRIM is said to have mentioned with the greatest contempt, and even to have declared worthy of death, a certain commander of artillery at Cadiz, who would not join the insurrection, and yet did not fire on the insurgents. He ought, according to PRIM, either to have flung himself into the arms of the friends of their country, or else to have at least fired a few shots at them. This truly Spanish feeling appears to have animated the CONCHAS and their lieutenant, PAVIA. They had not in the first instance joined the insurgents, and so they must, out of regard to their own honour, just fire a few shots at them, in order to yield to them with grace. The Marquis of NOVALICHES appears to have gone through this piece of revolutionary etiquette at a bridge close to Cordova; and he has escaped alike ridicule and censure by being among the few mortally wounded. SERRANO and PRIM, and other enlightened and patriotic Spaniards, may now sit down very pleasantly together, and settle what is to become of their country. They will of course appeal to universal suffrage; but they have most of them travelled quite enough in exile or for pleasure to be aware that the world is now in the secret that universal suffrage is only an elaborate means of ratifying a foregone conclusion. The first and most pressing question is whether a Republic is to be tried; and experience shows that it is not at all certain not to be tried merely because nine-tenths of the wealth, intelligence, and population of Spain are against it. A knot of determined and ardent Republicans may force on a Republic for a time simply by having a clear and determined purpose, while the monarchical party either has no monarch to support, or doubts, distrusts, or despises the monarch it has got. But it is scarcely possible that so many men of political experience have taken part in this insurrection entirely on chance, and without any idea of the monarch they should wish to have if they succeeded in getting rid of the BOURBONS. If so, the secret will soon be known, and a very interesting secret it will be. No one can guess who the favoured Prince is, or can be. Of course the Spaniards can get a little German Prince of some sort, if they want him. There are always little German Princes for people who want them, just as there are always green peas and strawberries at Covent Garden for the rich. But if the Spaniards look a little higher than Greece or the Danubian Provinces were entitled to look, their choice seems very limited. There is, it is true, one obstacle to their free choice which in old days would have existed, but which now is utterly passed away. They are quite free from any interference on the part of England. There is no human being that they may not set up as their King for all we care. We are not going to make the mistake we made a quarter of a century ago, and keep them out of a really good sovereign in deference to traditional ideas of English policy. If they can but get some one who will save us from the pain of seeing a great nation sunk into decay, and who will stimulate them to pay us what they owe, we shall certainly neither ask nor wish for more.

FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

IT appears that confidence is reviving in Paris, although no fresh assurance has been given of the maintenance of peace. The rapid progress of the Spanish Revolution has averted or postponed the danger of a protracted civil war in a

neighbouring country, and it has removed all pretext for intervention. By diverting attention from German affairs, the Spanish troubles may perhaps have indirectly facilitated the discontinuance of menacing demonstrations in France. It is even stated that the army is to be temporarily reduced in numbers by a liberal issue of furloughs, as soon as the autumn manoeuvres in the various camps of instruction are finished. There has never been the smallest reason for war, and probably there may have been no serious intention of fastening a quarrel on Prussia; but the EMPEROR and the nation have been alternately affecting a dissatisfaction which was supposed to be due to the dignity of France. An enormous expense has been incurred for the increase and equipment of the army, because the Government thought it dangerous to seem unprepared for war; and the great outlay, if it has satisfied the national susceptibility, will not have been wasted. Two years ago the EMPEROR was undoubtedly taken by surprise, when he found that he was not in a condition to enter on a campaign. The Prussian Generals were so accurately informed of the condition of the French army, that they were only restricted by the prudence of the KING and the PRINCE MINISTER from refusing terms of peace after the battle of Sadowa. It was natural that the consciousness of military inferiority should be impatiently borne; and probably it was inevitable that the armaments which have been prepared by the Imperial Government should suggest warlike enterprise. Nevertheless, although a collision might at any time occur, thoughtful observers have always calculated on the ultimate prevalence of well-considered interest. France had nothing to gain by an attack on Germany, and the dynasty had everything to lose by defeat. It has been often asserted with truth that the establishment of a great German Power, although it might produce momentary irritation, put an end to the most imminent risk of war. Since the days of the First Empire, the French have never been satisfied to see the left bank of the Rhine in the occupation of its present owners. Thirty years ago, MICHELET and VICTOR HUGO, followed by innumerable imitators, were denouncing the Government of LOUIS-PHILIPPE for its unwillingness to gratify the national aspirations; and, within recent memory, projectors have insisted in every possible form on the recovery of the boundaries which are called natural. Even when the so-called doctrine of nationalities was invented, French theorists could never remember that the Germans of the Palatinate were identical in language and customs with their countrymen on the Elbe and the Danube. The Rhenish provinces had been Gaulish in the days of CESAR, and they had been occupied for twenty years, up to 1814, by French garrisons, and it was taken for granted by ordinary Frenchmen that they still regretted the foreign yoke. When fruit hangs temptingly over a neighbour's hedge, hungry boys are ingenious in devising sophistical excuses for appropriation; but a high wall built round the orchard is almost as effective in suppressing covetous desires as in preventing trespasses. It has now become useless to dream of national boundaries lying far beyond the German frontier. Only a few sanguine Frenchmen believe that even the longest succession of victories would lead to territorial conquest; and an object which is evidently not attainable soon ceases to offer temptation. The Eastern limits of France have varied but little during a thousand years, except by the annexation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of Alsace and Lorraine, but during more than half that period the subdivisions and internal quarrels of Germany have furnished a pretext and an occasion for French cupidity. The formation of the North-German Confederacy, and the treaties which place the armies of the South-Western States under the control of Prussia, render invasion hopeless and useless.

The Emperor NAPOLEON has for the moment become unpopular in Paris, if not in France, through his mistakes of policy, and still more because his good fortune is supposed to have deserted him; but a tenure of power contingent on the possession of uninterrupted luck and of absolute freedom from error is scarcely worth having. At the present moment a wise sovereign might profit largely by the beneficent reaction which would follow on the renewal of confidence. It happened that the commercial stagnation which began in 1866 coincided in time with the war between Austria and Prussia; and that it has continued through the Luxembourg dispute, and the warlike rumours of the present year. Experience shows that, after a panic, trade sooner or later resumes an activity which is stimulated by the partial suspension, during the crisis of productive industry. The commercial prosperity which, in default of fresh impediments, must soon recur, might, by

adroit management, be represented as the consequence of a peaceful policy. Even in England the Ministers for the time being generally assume to themselves credit for a thriving trade; and they are accused by their adversaries of having some share in every casual depression. It would be still easier for the Emperor NAPOLEON to persuade a nation which believes in the initiative of its Government, that high prices of stocks and busy factories were directly connected with the abandonment of warlike designs. Tax-paying Frenchmen are fully sensible of the advantages of peace, and it appears from the proceedings of the Berne Congress that even democratic agitators are beginning to discover that war is undesirable. In remembrance of the columnous vituperation with which LOUIS PHILIPPE was assailed on account of his unambitious policy, a French ruler may perhaps be excused for believing that it is safer to be denounced as a firebrand than to be ridiculed as an obstinate votary of peace; but the new organization of the army and the language of Marshal NIEL have sufficiently proved that the EMPEROR is ready for war, and now he may confidently rely on the general unwillingness to increase the burden of the taxes and of the conscription. It has never been pretended that Prussia threatened to begin a quarrel. The Germans ask only to be let alone, and the Minister who has done so much to promote the unity of the nation has postponed the further extension of the Confederation to avoid any cause of umbrage to France. There is no reason to suppose that any further menaces of annexation will be attempted until the disappointment caused by the events of 1866 have partially subsided.

The smaller States in the neighbourhood have more reason for anxiety than a Power which, as the King of PRUSSIA lately said, has a security for peace in its generals and armies. Moderate politicians, as moderation is understood in France, deduce from the growth of German strength the remarkable inference that it would be judicious to look for opportunities of aggrandizement in the direction of Belgium and Switzerland. The same logic which proved that the acquisition of Savoy and Nice followed from the possession by Italy of the Tuscan Duchies might take the form of a claim upon Belgium whenever Prussia determines to cross the Main. The European treaties which have hitherto protected the weaker States will scarcely suffice to maintain Belgian independence, nor would it be possible for England, without allies, to contend on the Continent against a great military Power. As the upper classes of Belgium and the populations of some districts speak only French, it is probably not known in France that the little kingdom includes a Low German race nearly akin to the Dutch of Holland. There would be little gain to civilization and freedom if one of the most industrious and active of communities were merged in an overgrown Empire; but the tendency of things in modern times is to abolish small States, as petty industrial undertakings are constantly swallowed up by great establishments. The expansion of Piedmont into Italy, and of Prussia into Germany, were expedient and necessary. France is already strong enough, large enough, and perfectly united; but the national vanity might perhaps be gratified by territorial extension, and unstable Governments frequently exaggerate the popular passions which they find it their interest to flatter. There is some reason to regret the fall of the system which was created at the Congress of Vienna, for, notwithstanding numerous anomalies and defects, it secured the peace of Europe for nearly fifty years.

ELECTION MOVEMENTS.

IT may be natural that local politicians should wish to contribute even superfluously to the triumph of their party; but Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps be embarrassed by the largeness of his majority, and it is not desirable that the Conservative leaders should be excluded from the House. The new SECRETARY FOR IRELAND may possibly, as Lord HASTINGTON irreverently suggests, have no policy of his own; but he has acquired a respectable Parliamentary position, and his gravity and experience may perhaps be useful as models for inexperienced members. It would not be a cause of regret if the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. COLERIDGE were to divide the representation of Exeter, as they long shared the lead of the Western Circuit; but the present Government is not likely long to require the services of a law officer, and Sir JOHN KARSLAKE is unknown as a politician. The country would endure a more serious loss if Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE succeeded in supplanting Lord STANLEY at Lynn, and it is well that the Liberal party in the borough has decided to abstain from interfering with the one statesman in the Cabinet who

commands respect from both parties. Lord STANLEY's administration of the Foreign Office has been greatly overpraised, but he deserves the credit of having consistently followed an obvious and necessary policy. If his character and temperament produce little enthusiasm, Parliament and the country nevertheless appreciate the merits of the most hard-headed, the most industrious, and the most dispassionate of Ministers. Lord STANLEY is, at least ostensibly, trusted by his own party, though he never affects to share in their prejudices; and he is divided by no impassable gulf from his official adversaries. His opinions on the Irish Church are those of the Liberal party, although he voted against Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions; and, while deferring to the majority of his colleagues, he has never retracted the admission that internal changes in the Establishment would be insufficient. The moderate Liberals of Edinburgh were anxious to secure his services, and their overtures were in the first instance favourably received. On further inquiry, Lord STANLEY appears to have seen reason to doubt the strength of his Edinburgh partisans, and he has formally declared his intention of seeking re-election from the constituency which has returned him to Parliament for twenty years. It seemed to some fussy election managers a suitable opportunity to prove that even in King's Lynn there is a Liberal party, and Mr. TROLLOPE was asked to vindicate the cause of freedom and progress against the reactionary bigotry of Lord STANLEY. There is no reason why the gifted historian of drawing-room flirtations should not seek relaxation from more congenial labours in the cultivation of political commonplace; but in his first appearance on the hustings Mr. TROLLOPE might do well to challenge a less considerable antagonist. If Lord STANLEY undertook to delineate the feelings of a young lady wavering between two lovers, it is probable that his narrative would be dull. In dilating on the anomalies of the Irish Church or on the inconsistencies of Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. TROLLOPE would scarcely be original. It is satisfactory to learn that an unwise project will not be persisted in, and that Lord STANLEY will be allowed to occupy an undisputed seat. The House of Commons will not be overloaded with experience or with cold-blooded prudence.

A still older member of the House of Commons is threatened with the loss of his seat, on grounds which entitle him to the support of upright politicians of all parties. Mr. ROEBUCK has often been guilty of offences against good taste and sound policy, and he lately incurred just censure by his ill-timed attack on the United States in the presence of the American Minister; but it is not on account of his blunders, but in resentment of his courage and honesty, that a section of local agitators is now opposing his election. Mr. ROEBUCK might have voted with impunity against his party, and he might safely have propounded crotchetts on foreign policy, if he had abstained from denouncing the outrages which have made Sheffield notorious. The murderer who not long since escaped the punishment of his crimes is probably one of Mr. ROEBUCK's most active opponents, the other leaders of the Trades'-Unions all using their utmost efforts to revenge themselves on their fearless censor. Mr. ROEBUCK in his political character is capricious and vain, but he possesses the rare virtue of courage, and he is capable of moral indignation. The respectable inhabitants of Sheffield, whatever may be their opinion of Mr. ROEBUCK's political character, will support him against his present assailants; but it remains to be seen whether the admirers of BROADHEAD form a majority of the enlarged constituency. As Mr. ROEBUCK professes at the present moment perfect orthodoxy on all the articles of the Liberal creed, voters have no need to trouble themselves with too close an investigation of his career. The proscription of an elderly politician because his desire for change has unconsciously subsided involves a refusal to recognise the ordinary course of nature. Mr. BRIGHT himself, who is a Reformer of a deeper hue, has probably incurred the wrath of political fanatics by stating to Mr. BRADLAUGH the truism that seats in Parliament would be put up to auction if the most violent of the candidates were habitually preferred. The chief author of the new Constitution is laudably desirous that it should work with comparative smoothness. If Mr. BRIGHT saves Northampton from the discredit of electing Mr. BRADLAUGH, he will have done the borough valuable service.

Some of the metropolitan constituencies have the good sense to discourage the pretensions of demagogues by adhering to their present members. In Westminster even Mr. MILL's recent exhibitions of oddity appear not to have alienated his supporters, who are still proud of the ability and fame of their eminent representative. Mr. HUGHES, however, has discovered that his seat for Lambeth is not safe, and his most ardent

local supporters find themselves compelled to renounce their claim on his future services. The world will regard with much indifference the contest between an unknown alderman and an equally unknown sheriff for the vacancy occasioned by Mr. DOULTON's change of politics. The competing candidates, in accordance with metropolitan custom, profess the most comprehensive Liberalism, and experience shows that the municipal dignitaries of the City are seldom revolutionary. The Conservative opposition in the City is encouraged by the unlucky provision for the representation of minorities, which will probably be defeated by a skilful organization of the Liberal part of the constituency. Artificial and farfetched electoral contrivances are objectionable, because they throw additional power into the hands of professional managers of elections. The Conservatives will probably not gain a seat for the City, but they furnish Liberal voters with an excuse for suppressing any personal preferences for one or more of their candidates. The constituency will vote under the instructions of committees and agents, because it will be felt that electors cannot possibly calculate for themselves the effect of dividing their votes. Servile adherence to the party list or ticket is one of the causes of the degradation of the representative system in America. In the new boroughs of Hackney and Chelsea, and in the Tower Hamlets, an active canvass is proceeding. Mr. BEALES has, according to the accounts of sympathizing reporters, been welcomed with enthusiasm in the Tower Hamlets; and it would appear that in his speeches and published addresses he has confined himself to the usual Liberal formulas. Mr. AYRTON, though he professes to be confident of success, apparently fears that in the multitude of candidates he may be overlooked, but it seems probable that his indefatigable activity will be rewarded by re-election. Mr. SAMUDA, who is a moderate Liberal, and Mr. COOPE as a supporter of the Government, seek to profit by the divisions of the majority; but in the Tower Hamlets it would be strange if the prize of competition were not adjudged to the highest bidder. Mr. ODGER, to whose election expenses Mr. MILL has recently thought proper to subscribe, as he had previously subscribed to BRADLAUGH's, has lately furnished an additional illustration of his fitness to represent the borough of Chelsea, by proposing that the Reform League shall hold a mob-meeting in Hyde Park to intimidate the respectable classes, under pretence of supporting Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy. It may be conjectured that Mr. BEALES, who has probably a better chance of election than Mr. ODGER, will discourage a scandalous exhibition which might probably damage his own prospects. The lowest class of demagogues is incapable of even pretending to appreciate representative institutions. If the recent extension of the suffrage has any value, it ought to supersede street government by enabling the most numerous classes to exercise a lawful influence through their representatives. Even a Parliament of ODGERS would be preferable to an anarchical multitude legislating in Hyde Park. It is not surprising that working-men should have been deluded by the unbounded flattery which they have received from interested sycophants; and probably Mr. ODGER himself is unaware that the rule of the rabble is incompatible with freedom.

Mr. DISRAELI has not yet spoken, although he has returned from Balmoral. From his calculated silence it is inferred, with much probability, that he is about to apply to the Irish Church the treatment which so happily secured the fall of the late Parliamentary Constitution; and yet it is scarcely possible that such an experiment should be within two years successfully repeated. In 1866 Mr. GLADSTONE was the nominal leader of a divided and discontented party. In 1868 he will have a united majority freshly pledged at the hustings to support his policy. The decisive vote will precede all discussion of special measures, and the trial of strength will lead to no doubtful result. It is not worth while to compromise the credit of the party by new sacrifices of principle when a prolongation of the tenure of office has become visibly hopeless.

COUNT WALEWSKI.

DEATH has struck down another of the Emperor NAPOLEON's small band of devoted personal friends. In Count WALEWSKI also terminates the direct issue, so far as is known, of the great NAPOLEON. The morality of nations sits lightly on them in the presence of those whom the world very much admires or fears, and the glory of having NAPOLEON for his father threw a halo over Count WALEWSKI which was in no way lessened by the facility or romance which induced his mother to accept, or invite, the overtures of the Saviour of Poland. The fortunes

of Count WALEWSKI were by no means due exclusively to his having an Emperor for his cousin. He was successful in French, and even in Continental, society almost as a boy; he was a promising French journalist, pamphleteer, and dramatist while still young, and both M. THIERS and M. GUIZOT sent him on diplomatic missions of some importance. His own abilities were, it may be supposed, his chief recommendation, for he was undoubtedly clever, could hold his own opinions without giving offence, and had considerable tact and skill in dealing with men. But it was his great glory to be at once the son of NAPOLEON and a sort of hereditary representative of Poland in the eyes of France; and a vague popularity has so long attached in France to the names of NAPOLEON and Poland that it is no wonder that even the Ministers of LOUIS PHILIPPE looked with favour on him. He rose, but he rose gradually. He was appointed under the Republic as envoy to one of the Italian Courts, and then, when the *coup d'état* had made the fortune of everything and everybody connected with NAPOLEON and Napoleonism, he came in for a prominent share of the good luck of his family, and was sent as Ambassador to London. Considering the very strong feeling that existed in England against every one implicated in what was considered the crime of the *coup d'état*, it is to the credit of Count WALEWSKI that he never committed any indiscretion which gave room for an outcry against him or his Sovereign, and that, by a judicious abstineness from meddling and ostentation, he gave English opinion every opportunity for running its usual course from one extreme to another. When he quitted England to take the seals of the French Foreign Office, he had the satisfaction of leaving a country that had quite forgotten the *coup d'état*, that was charmed with the French alliance, and was almost beside itself with happy excitement in contemplating the delightful meeting when VICTORIA and her virtuous husband welcomed NAPOLEON and his charming bride. Count WALEWSKI presided over the deliberations of the Conference of Paris assembled to discuss the treaty with Russia, and it cannot be said that under his guidance French diplomacy was without its successes, as at this Conference, among other results, the wounded pride of Russia was soothed by the friendly manœuvres of France, Lord CLARENDRON was misled into his scrape with regard to the Belgian press, and Count CAVOUR was permitted to initiate a new policy for France and Europe by discussing the irrelevant topic of the woes of Italy. When he retired from the Foreign Office to make room for M. THOUVENEL, the chief exponent and representative of this policy under the EMPEROR, M. WALEWSKI accepted what in those days was the easy and tranquil post of Minister of State. On the death of the Duke of MORNAY he became President of the Legislative Assembly, and during the year and a-half that he held his post he managed to preserve order without irritating the passions or wounding the susceptibilities of those over whose deliberations he presided. Since the spring of last year he has been without any active employment, and if it is true that his sudden death took place at Strasburg as he was on his way to fulfil a secret mission in Germany, it is probable that this mission was of a very unimportant character.

The death of Count WALEWSKI is devoid of all political importance, except so far as it marks in a sort of manifest way the final termination of the political connexion between France and Poland. Not only was Count WALEWSKI literally the embodiment of the idea of this alliance, but he never ceased to be devotedly attached to the country of his mother, his name, and his wife. When he was only twenty years of age he fought with distinction in the ranks of the Polish insurgents, and it was because his devotion to Poland was too notorious and too zealous to be convenient to the EMPEROR that he quitted office in 1863. The notion of restoring Poland, or at least of using the name of NAPOLEON and the traditions of the first Empire to engage France in the task of aiding the Poles, had long flitted before the mind of the EMPEROR, and Count WALEWSKI would undoubtedly have been ready to risk everything in a cause so dear to his heart. But his master, although capable of enthusiasm, is also capable of holding his enthusiasm in check. He saw that it would not do. France was not really at all equal to the task, and had no substantial interest to serve by undertaking it. Russia boldly challenged the Western Powers to interfere on behalf of Poland, if they dared. Lord RUSSELL's little lamp of diplomatic arrogance was soon snuffed out, and after a long vacillation, during which Paris believed itself on the brink of war, the EMPEROR decided that he too must give in. The sympathy for Poland was the feeling, not of France, but of Paris, where Poles have always been fashionable and

popular, and where what a legal wit called the common *Indebitus* count does not excite the same horror as in London. The cause of Poland had, indeed, one hold of a very exceptional kind over the Parisian mind. It was a cause, and it was the only cause, dear at once to Red and Black, to the Revolutionary and to the Catholic party. Perhaps the EMPEROR mistrusted and avoided it on that very account. He could scarcely share that hatred to Russia, as the source of all tyranny, which made Republicans cleave to the Poles; and he would be equally little inclined to work for those who chiefly interested themselves on behalf of the "nation in mourning." There was always a chance lest, if the history of Poland were too strictly investigated, it might have struck inquirers that the connexion between Napoleonism and Poland was rather a slender one, and that the Saviour of Poland had not done much for the country he saved except contributing Count WALEWSKI to the world, and abandoning his brave Polish soldiers when he ran away from Moscow to Paris. If the end of Poland was inevitable, it was perhaps as well that the cruel mercy of exciting false hopes should have been made impossible by the thoroughgoing policy of Russia. Count WALEWSKI lived long enough to see Poland as thoroughly withdrawn out of the sphere of European and French politics, and made as completely a province of Russia, as if the great NAPOLEON had never been carried there by the tide of war to distract and overwhelm the minds of Polish beauties.

There can be no doubt that the EMPEROR will sincerely mourn the loss of one who was bound to him by closer ties than those of office. It is often made a matter of reproach to him that he has had these devoted personal adherents, and has done them innumerable good turns, and provided for them handsomely. And certainly there have been among them men of broken fortunes, of damaged character, and of a greedy and vulgar ambition. Nothing of the sort can be laid to the door of Count WALEWSKI, who rose to a very respectable position while LOUIS NAPOLEON was an exile, and has only had a rather greater advancement than he would have had anyhow. But even if we leave aside Count WALEWSKI as too favourable a specimen, and take the EMPEROR's personal adherents as a whole, there is something in their fidelity and devotion which is creditable to them and to him. To have men who are in a manner equals and intimate friends, and who yet are not only willing but proud to be political inferiors, is a great gain, and a source of consolation and strength, to a man living in the melancholy solitude of absolute power. It is a gain which the EMPEROR has shown he knows how to appreciate, and there is a touch of generosity in his character that makes him, and has always made him, a staunch friend to his friends. And even his worst enemies may feel some sympathy for him as those whom he has most loved and trusted drop off from his side. In the uncertainties of the present, the deep gloom of the future, and the tortures of his own endless vacillation increasing on him as age and disappointment tell on his mind, he has burdens enough to bear. All these are the natural and the appointed consequences of the course he has chosen to take. The death of his old personal friends and adherents comes as an additional affliction. But there is nothing at all wonderful in the fact that his friends die. Sometimes we notice, when a man like Count WALEWSKI dies, that a feeble kind of moral is sought to be pointed, and it is hinted that the EMPEROR is under a doom or spell which makes his friends die. This is childish. The EMPEROR's friends do not die more than the friends of any one else. When a man is considerably on the wrong side of sixty he is apt to lose his friends, although he may be utterly ignorant even of what a *coup d'état* means. If the comparison is worth making at all, it may be noticed that the deaths of eminent Englishmen in the last fifteen years have been much more numerous than the deaths of eminent Frenchmen. The Duke of MORNAY is the only one of the greater political followers of the EMPEROR of whom it can be said that he was taken away very unexpectedly, and in the midst of his work and energy. Still the death of Count WALEWSKI cannot fail to suggest very strongly one anxious thought to Frenchmen. It must make them think how easily another much more important life might pass away. And then what kind of deluge is to follow? There are persons who think, or say that they think, that the sovereignty of a pleasing boy, who has learnt to dress up like a soldier, under the regency of a rather fanatical, very well-dressed woman, is the kind of thing the French would like and stand. They are welcome to their opinion, for no one can prove beforehand that it is wrong.

CONSERVATIVE OPINION.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE not long ago met his constituents at a small town in Devonshire, and explained to them his political opinions. With much skill he made the best of himself and his position, and did his utmost to offer something like a Conservative programme. But when he had done, one of those irrepressible people who live to make themselves disagreeable asked him whether, if he should hereafter be a little more educated, he would abandon all the opinions which he had just explained himself to hold. The question so put was very properly passed by as insulting, and received no answer. But, if it is asked quietly and inoffensively, it does raise an issue which must awaken much curiosity everywhere. What opinions are there which we cannot easily contemplate a man being educated into renouncing? All political opinion in England seems now in a state of flux. No one seems sure of anything. The Conservatives have no idea whatever what it is they wish to preserve. The only thing they can think of is the Irish Church; but then they wish, if the Report of the Commissioners at all represents their views, to preserve it in a very odd way—first of all to rob or extinguish existing corporations, and then to deprive it of the character of a National Church by sweeping it away where it does not get on very successfully. If the people who are defending an Established Church have been educated so far as to deal with it in this way, what measure is likely to be meted to it by those whose education has long been much more advanced? There is no distinguishing mark whatever by which Conservatives can separate themselves from Liberals. They know they are Conservatives because they belong to a particular family, because the Conservative attorneys work for them, and because the manifestos which they compose or adopt are printed on paper of a particular colour. But there is no question on which they have a positive durable opinion. This is in a great measure due to the extraordinary mode in which the Reform Bill was carried. The minds of men are greatly influenced by the fact that there is a large organized body which upholds certain fixed opinions; and Conservatives had opinions which seemed to them consistent and weighty, simply because the great and powerful Conservative party upheld them. Just as Catholicism appears respectable, apart from its intrinsic merits, because there are so very many Catholics, so Conservatism used to express a mass of probable truth because there was such a large and compact Conservative party. But when the party of resistance suddenly gave way and disappeared in the struggle of the Reform Bill, when Conservatism was seen in a great constitutional question to have nothing to conserve, then this value attaching to certain opinions because they were supposed to be widely and firmly held was suddenly lost. Everything became an open question even to Conservative minds. They act and talk in a recognised Conservative sort of way, but their aim is not to act on the national mind, but to preserve the discipline of their party, and to keep their men in. They even seem to be rather proud of the notion that Mr. DISRAELI will again dish the Whigs and bring in a measure dealing more radically with the Irish Church than Mr. GLADSTONE would dare to do. Of course they are faithful and loyal friends of the Irish Church and all that, but then it is very pleasant to think that their man is always capable of showing them how to make the best of both worlds, and may very likely turn out to know how both to keep undimmed the bright jewel of the Royal Supremacy, and yet to make the Irish Church shrink into nothing or into something exceedingly small.

So thoroughly has the notion penetrated the minds of Conservatives that it is not so much their duty to defend certain views at all hazards as their right to have their device tried for abandoning these views pleasantly, if they are to be abandoned, that we are almost sure to hear from them the cry, when the new Parliament meets, that the Government ought to have its chance. The Government ought, they will think, to be allowed to show how far it will go in dealing with the Irish Church, and to have it fairly tested whether any one is really prepared to outbid Mr. DISRAELI. To those who do not move in circles where talk of this kind prevails, it seems strange how any one can think that Mr. DISRAELI can possibly have the chance which it is supposed may be given him. The elections are held expressly to decide the point whether the dealings of England with the Irish Church shall be in his hands or not. If he gains a majority, which is of course possible, just as it is possible that there may be a general disarmament of all nations before Christmas, he will not need to do anything for the Irish Church except to make a few insignificant changes in it, and to coin

a few magniloquent phrases to conceal how little he is doing. If, as seems probable, he is in a decided minority, then the challenge which he himself offered will be at once accepted. The issue is sure to be immediately raised, in whose hands the new House of Commons wishes the conduct of affairs to reside. This issue cannot be raised at too early a date, or in too direct a form, for the present Ministry only exists at all on the plea that it honestly believed a general election would give it a majority. In old days the Conservatives would have been the first to recognise that, if the majority of the House of Commons was ready to disestablish and disendow a Church, their proper place was in opposition. The notion that they had a claim to stay in office until it was seen whether they could not bring forward some rival scheme that would astonish every one, would have seemed to them utterly insane. But their feelings have been entirely changed by finding that they have been induced to carry a democratic Reform Bill, and that they must follow a leader who, if he is not dexterous, is nothing. As the present SPEAKER will be certain to be re-elected, the earliest moment at which the Government can be beaten will be on an amendment to the Address. It is not to be supposed that the leaders of the Liberal party, if they are sure of their majority, will suffer so good an opportunity to go by. Nothing is easier than to frame an amendment to an Address which shall avoid an exact expression of want of confidence, and the waste of time consequent on a general attack, and yet which, if carried, would render it impossible for a Ministry with any self-respect to stay in. There is not the slightest reason whatever to suppose that the present Cabinet is wanting in self-respect, and it will certainly yield directly any vote of the House of Commons shows that a decisive majority is against it. But, unless their present temper changes, the rank and file of the party will think themselves injured if the Ministry is turned out of office before it has had what will be called a fair chance, which means a chance of showing whether the leaders of the minority of the House of Commons cannot hit on some ingenious scheme for cutting under their feet the ground on which the majority rest. That any party should have got to think this would be wonderful enough, but that the party thinking it should be the Conservative party is wonderful beyond all measure. No doubt, when they have been a short time in opposition, the Conservatives will be restored to the proper and ordinary tone of thought of their party. They will then begin again to see whether there are not opinions which they ought to hold firmly, and political attachments which they ought to proclaim to be unalterable; but at present they are overpowered by the memories of the Reform Bill, and are not so much opposed to change as anxious that changes should be made by them.

In this strange view as to what their true privileges are when in office, the present singular state of Conservative opinion is sufficiently apparent; but it is scarcely less apparent if we take any of what used to be the strongest Conservative opinions or antipathies, and examine whether the party still adheres to them. Every one, we suppose, will agree that nothing more surely marked the real true blue Conservative of three years ago than opposition to the ballot and detestation of Mr. BRIGHT. How do Conservatives feel now on these points? Are they sure that they could not be educated to like the ballot, and do they still hate Mr. BRIGHT? They would still in all probability say that they think the ballot a most objectionable and un-English institution, and Mr. BRIGHT a vulgar and dangerous man. But it is quite evident that, if Reform is not a question of principle, the Ballot cannot be. It is purely a question of expediency, and it is every day argued as such. At present it is pressed on Liberal candidates by the more extreme of the electors because it is thought that intimidation principally comes from the large landowners, and that therefore the ballot would be most against the Conservatives. But it is very obvious that the opinions of parties might change on this point, and that Conservatives might become quite as much afraid of Liberal mobs in towns as Liberals can be of tyrannical landlords in the country. If this opinion gained ground—and it is by no means impossible that it should gain ground—the ballot would be as popular with Conservatives as it now is with extreme Liberals. In Ireland Mr. SENIOR records that he convinced himself that the ballot would be a bad thing, as Irishmen were all under the domination either of landlords or priests. If the ballot existed, they would be more subject to the priests than to the landlords; but without it, the landlords were the more successful in constraining poor people to vote contrary to their wishes.

This, Mr. SENIOR thought, settled the matter, because in the nature of things landlords are always to be preferred to priests. Very probably he was right; but nothing could show more conclusively that the motive which guides most men to like or dislike the ballot is a calculation as to which party it will immediately favour. And if we may guess that the Conservatives would be quite ready to adopt the ballot, it is certain that their hatred to Mr. BRIGHT has in a great degree died away. This is partly due to the increased moderation and good sense which Mr. BRIGHT has lately introduced into his political conduct and language, but it is also due to two other causes. It is impossible for them to point to Mr. BRIGHT as a very dangerous man, and an enemy to his country, when they have passed a Reform Bill which even alarmed the terrible and dangerous man himself, and when the glory of their foreign policy is that they have resolutely acted on that principle of non-interference which Mr. BRIGHT advocated when it was quite as unpopular with them as with the followers of Lord PALMERSTON. In the next place, their hatred of Mr. BRIGHT has paled before their infinitely more intense and vivid hatred of Mr. GLADSTONE. It has even become the cue in some Conservative circles to exalt and glorify Mr. BRIGHT, and to praise his eloquence and consistency and bold British honesty, in order the more effectually to disparage and depreciate Mr. GLADSTONE. Why they hate Mr. GLADSTONE so bitterly, it is not easy to say. Perhaps one reason is that they feel as if he ought to belong to them, and that he was their proper leader; and then, if he had been, they may have a dim sense that they would have been able, and very willing, to have made a present of Mr. DISRAELI to any party that wished to have him.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

THE late Congress at Brussels did so far represent the working-classes of the world that the delegates, and their ideas, were exclusively drawn from that stratum of society. Many of their theories were the crotchets of extreme men, but, wild as they were, they had the characteristic tone of the working-classes about them. The Peace and Liberty Congress which has lately been sitting at Berne is not the exponent of any recognised class in any existing social order. It has among its members and adherents a certain small proportion of the labouring-classes, but the general feeling of the operatives is no doubt far from sympathetic towards these apostles of peace and liberty; and the Brussels Committee, acting on their remarkable views of liberty and toleration, expressed a very decided opinion that the rival Congress, not being, or professing to be, restricted to working-men, had no right to exist at all. It seems that certain French workmen who are now occupying apartments in the House of Detention at St. Pelagie addressed a letter of sympathy to the Berne Congress, but it is not clear that these peculiarly situated gentlemen had any special right to speak, as they assumed to do, in the name of all the labouring-classes of their country. The professorial element was duly honoured by the presence of Professor VOGT in the chair; and if the position of the hundred or more gentlemen who are bent upon establishing peace and liberty according to their own fashion were investigated, they would probably be found to be gathered from very various sources, and to represent neither a class nor a country, nor the prevailing opinion of Europe, nor even the views of the most devoted lovers of peace or the most enthusiastic friends of liberty. Still there seems to be a bond which unites the apostles of the Congress; and, indeed, they could scarcely hold together without some one common idea. To use a phrase common on the Continent, this leading idea is the Revolution. No one can have forgotten how, at last year's meeting, the men who assembled in the declared interests of peace did little or nothing beyond applauding the frantic speech in which GARIBALDI announced his determination to make a private war against Rome. The same temper may be traced in the proceedings of this year's Congress, though nothing has occurred to provoke quite so whimsical a departure from what are commonly considered to be the principles of peace as resulted from GARIBALDI's eloquence. And when the Congress is rightly understood, there is no inconsistency between its theories and its practice. The wars which these agitators condemn are the wars of Governments. For war in the abstract, at any rate if associated with revolution, they have no dislike at all. They are for peace and liberty; but they would have all the peace practised by Governments, and all the liberty enjoyed by revolutionists. In the present state of the world there is a good deal to be said in favour even of somewhat revolutionary changes in some, at any rate, of the

States of Europe. Very few Englishmen, for instance, will feel any regret at the expulsion of the Queen of SPAIN; but we in this country cannot readily sympathize with revolution in the abstract, and have a strong prejudice in favour of each country doing its own insurrections for itself. The solidarity of the democracy, as these Congressmen would call it, is an essentially French idea, which has been propagated with some success in Germany, but has fallen altogether dead upon our insular minds. However, under its own name, a Society for the propagation of revolution has perhaps a right to be heard, though we strongly object to its assumption of a title so inaccurate as that of a Peace and Liberty Congress.

That we in no way misrepresent the Congress is apparent from the whole proceedings. The PRESIDENT assures the world "that Democracy pure and universal, the stedfast object of the League, has remained the standard around which are ranged 'all the social sentiments and aspirations'"; but obstacles have been encountered, differences have arisen, and the only conclusion at which the learned Professor has yet arrived is expressed in this painfully depressing acknowledgment:—"Everything is at present in embryo; we are searching and 'struggling, and we shall emerge from this chaos and reach 'Liberty, justice, light.' This was just the temper of the fierce enthusiasts of the first French Revolution. Universal democracy to be enforced on a reluctant world, a chaos to be obliterated, and liberty, justice, and light to come afterwards if they could. The Congress was quite worthy of its President, for it passed a resolution that peace and liberty were incompatible with monarchy, and that the United States, of all countries in the world, furnished the Government best calculated to insure perpetual peace. A man who has once arrived at the conviction that all our political and social organizations are simply chaos to be got out of, and that there exist no elements on which a higher organization can in the future be built, cannot rationally be anything but a revolutionist. He can expect no sympathy from mere reformers; chaos cannot well be reformed, and those who are bent upon promoting every possible improvement, and are the sincerest friends of peace and liberty, must be the most determined opponents of a clique who hold that all improvement is impossible, and that the world must make a new start by once more sweeping away all that exists, and then waiting to see whether this time the result will be liberty, justice, and light. With many of the members of the Congress chaos is simply the synonym of Government in any form, while liberty is supposed to be adequately represented by a state of anarchy. The Revolution sitting in conclave could scarcely be expected to honour peace in the abstract; and accordingly the order of the day at the first meeting was a Report of Mr. BEUST of Dresden, condemnatory of standing armies, not for the purpose of abolishing fighting, but in order to substitute a citizen army for regular troops. That the change would be in the interests of revolution, except perhaps in countries like Spain, where military fidelity is unknown, is obvious enough, and one can readily understand why the project should receive the approval of the Berne meeting. But, without any affection for anarchy in itself, it is possible to admit that Mr. BEUST's proposals are open to little objection except the utter impracticability of giving effect to them in those countries where the evils of military domination are most oppressive. England and America are the only countries where standing armies have not been used, not merely for the maintenance of order, which is legitimate enough, but for the suppression of popular liberties; and even in the United States, although the army has been obedient to the will of the majority, it has effectually subjugated for the time being the unhappy minority in the Southern States. It is not desirable (though Mr. BEUST would probably differ from us in this) that a settled Government should be at the mercy of the little knot of revolutionists which most European States enjoy as one of the elements of their population; but it is even less satisfactory to see the aspirations of an entire nation defeated by the menace of a standing army on the Continental scale, or a Constitution overthrown by a *coup d'état* supported by subservient battalions. It is impossible to dispute the allegation of the Congress that standing armies are used for the purpose of imposing passive obedience, or that the sentiment of liberty is necessarily in abeyance in the regular soldier. It is quite true that military honour, *esprit de corps*, devotion to a dynasty, do in the soldier supplant the genuine love of liberty and dull the civic virtues. It is equally obvious that standing armies involve an enormous waste of productive power, and impoverish the countries which they

often oppress. But when all this is admitted, we are but a very little way towards their abolition. As long as nations are greedy and arrogant—and these are vices quite as common in republics as in empires—no one country can dispense with a standing army while its neighbours possess so formidable an instrument of attack. The Peace Leaguers are of opinion that, for the purposes of defence, a militia organization is stronger than a regular army. This is palpably untrue. An army drawn, like that of Prussia, from the whole population is exceptionally strong, from its enormous numbers; but Sadowa would not have been won if the Prussian battalions had not been trained, organized, armed, and supplied on the completest system which has ever been developed for a standing army. As auxiliaries, Volunteers like our own would be invaluable; but without the nucleus of our standing army, and the various supply services connected with it, they would be even more powerless for defence than for attack. That an armed nation is stronger than a mere professional army is true only when all the machinery on which standing armies depend for their sustenance and mobility is as fully developed as it is in the military organization of a despotic empire. Except by mutual agreement, which is itself impossible, standing armies can never be wholly dispensed with, though a general adoption, at some remote period, of something like the Prussian compromise between the regular soldier and the militiaman is not perhaps beyond the bounds of probability. But this would be far from meeting the views of the Congress. What they evidently desire is that the army should discard altogether the idea of fidelity, and side with any band of anarchists who might at any moment project a rising.

Although the League did not acknowledge the chimerical nature of their project of army reform, they did admit the impracticability of immediately effecting a general disarmament. Yet even this very desirable consummation is, it seems, only postponed for a term; that is, until the federation of the European States shall have been effected. We are afraid that few of the speakers of the Congress will live to see this singular revolution, and those who might be so fortunate would perhaps witness a Secession war that might throw the American struggle into the shade. How a Confederation is to be kept together without physical force in the centre, to subdue the local tendencies to separation, is a problem which has not yet been solved; and a federation of Europe sustained by local militia would mean an unusually bloody war whenever the conflict of interest between different sections happened to split the Confederates into parties of tolerably equal strength. We may join with the Congress in lamenting the existence of the enormous standing armies which darken the face of Europe, but we cannot feel much reassured by the fact that a hundred revolutionists have unanimously agreed to use all the means in their power to put them down.

AMERICA.

THE American Congress has adjourned again, and it will probably hold a short Session during the present month. An Assembly which claims sovereign power without possessing executive functions is always liable to find its legislation baffled as soon as its own vigilance is relaxed. If the constitutional changes which have been attempted during the war acquire completeness and permanence, Congress will probably find it necessary to adopt the English system of entrusting the great offices of State to the leaders of the Parliamentary majority. The Reconstruction Acts passed over the veto of the PRESIDENT seemed to prove the absolute supremacy of the Congress; but laws which are only enforced by unwilling agents are but imperfect instruments of government. On the present occasion the execution of the reconstruction policy has been thwarted, not by the PRESIDENT, but by the State authority constituted by Congress itself. The Georgia Legislature has refused to admit into its body coloured members with one-eighth of negro blood in their veins; and the white candidates who received the largest number of votes at the polls have been recognised as duly elected. All the disabilities imposed by Federal or State legislation on citizens of Georgia have been removed; and the State, having obtained representation in Congress, and secured the withdrawal of military rule on the assumption that it would support the Republican party, is now wholly in the power of Democrats who have sympathized with secession. It is a strange illustration of Southern, and perhaps of American, feeling that the sweeping measures of the State Legislature were unanimously supported by the white members, including several professed Radicals. The negroes, if they still seek to retain the political position

which had been conferred on them by their Northern friends, can only hope for the interference of Congress, and perhaps for the restoration of military government. The Reconstruction Acts directly prohibited the exclusion of any citizens from political rights on the ground of colour; and it was undoubtedly intended that negroes should be eligible for every legislative or executive office. It is extremely uncertain whether the Acts are constitutionally valid, but for the present they have not been impugned. The Georgia Assembly argues that admission to office is not a civil right within the meaning of the Act, and that the law of the State as it stood before the war is paramount in all cases where it has not been directly overruled by Congress. It remains to be seen whether the Republican majority will accept a mortifying check to its policy, in preference to incurring the risk of passing some unpopular law on the eve of the Presidential election. Negro supremacy, as it has been advocated by some of the leaders of Congress, is repugnant to the tastes and feelings, as well as to the opinions, of the great majority of Americans; and many moderate politicians acquiesced in the Reconstruction Acts with the expectation that the white population would, by more or less regular methods, shortly recover its former predominance. Another section of the Republican party, represented by Chief Justice CHASE, entertained the strongest objections to the military administration which has been lately displaced in the greater number of the Southern States. As Congress has created in Georgia a Democratic Frankenstein which threatens the author of its being, it is useless to attempt any further experiment in the way of organizing a State Government. The only alternative of submission which involves the vote of Georgia for the Democratic candidates, is to place the State once more under a military commander, and again to exclude its representatives from Congress. It is generally disadvantageous to acknowledge the failure of party measures when an election is pending, and it cannot be disputed that the reconstruction of Georgia has produced results which were never anticipated by its authors. At the same time it must be admitted that the indignation of General BLAIR and other zealous Democrats seems to have been superfluous and premature. If reconstruction only transfers the control of Southern States from Federal Generals to the Democratic whites, it was hardly worth while to inveigh against the unconstitutional despotism of Congress. The whole controversy would be comparatively uninteresting if the negroes were not in imminent danger of suffering from the mistaken policy of their patrons. Many of the reported cases of oppression are probably fictitious, but there is reason to fear that great oppression is practised in some parts of the South. Where one race is able to oppress another, and not unaccustomed to use its power, a pretext for violence involves much danger to the weakest party.

The Presidential contest languishes in the absence of the excitement which depends on uncertainty. The election of the Governor of Maine has proved that there is no reaction in New England, although it is expected that in Connecticut the Democrats will, as usual, command a majority. While the orators on both sides, in the pursuit of their vocation, represent the issues involved in the election as extraordinarily momentous, the people at large, in simple jokes and symbols, contrive to unite pleasure with business. The Republicans exult in the recollection that GRANT once pursued the homely trade of a tanner; and Mr. HORATIO SEYMORE condescends to sit to photographers in the working costume of a farmer, with some rural implement in his hand. The more serious discussions which will determine the result of the contest are necessarily confined to repetition. The Democrats have discovered the mistake which they committed in allying themselves, during the sitting of their Convention at New York, with violent Southern partisans. Mr. BLAIR's letter and Mr. WADE HAMPTON's speeches have done something to revive the flagging enthusiasm of the Republican party, while appeals to Southern discontent were entirely superfluous. The moderate politicians who perhaps hold the balance of power have long perceived that the conquered Confederates ought to have been conciliated, as it was impossible permanently to crush them; but the victorious party is not prepared to submit to threats which recall not indistinctly the language of Southern agitators on the eve of the war. To a reasonable man it is not pleasant to belong to the same party with Mr. BROWNLOW; but even in the distracted State of Tennessee there appear to be more mischievous firebrands than the Governor. In a conversation with an enterprising newspaper correspondent, the well-known General FORREST lately professed an intention of renewing the civil war, avowing his participation in the schemes of

a melodramatic secret society. It is highly probable that the designs of the BROWNLaws and FORRETS are less blood-thirsty than their language, but their political opponents are justified in taking them at their word. The true representatives of Southern opinion abstain from empty bluster. General ROSECRANZ, lately appointed Minister to Mexico, has done something to retrieve Democratic blunders by inviting General LEE to state publicly the wishes of the large section of the Union which justly regards him as the first of Southern citizens. In answer to the friendly appeal, General LEE expresses the unanimous desire of his countrymen to abide in good faith by the results of the war. He declares that it is from no feeling of illwill that the Southern people are opposed to all laws which would place political power in the hands of the negro race. For themselves they only ask the restoration of their rights as citizens, and relief from oppressive misrule. The testimony of the leader of the Confederate armies to the reality of Southern grievances may be regarded as conclusive. It is well known that General LEE, while he was opposed to Secession, was induced by an overwhelming sense of duty to prefer his State allegiance to his private judgment. Although he may be denounced by Northern declaimers as a rebel, his loyalty is as undoubted as his military capacity; nor is there any doubt that he is sincere in his desire to complete and perpetuate the restoration of the Union. Yet the Republicans may fairly contend that, in protesting against universal negro suffrage, General LEE suggests no alternative security for the protection of the weaker race. The theoretical difficulty is, in truth, almost insuperable, although the question, like all other political problems, will be solved by time. The Federal Government becomes almost powerless to interfere with the internal administration of a Southern State as soon as it ceases to rule by military force. It is idle to expect that negro Legislatures and Governments will be able to maintain their power, although in some cases they may choose the Presidential electors for the State. General LEE may perhaps be in the right when he asserts that the interests of both races are identical; but Northern politicians may be excused for mistrusting the former owners of slaves and advocates of slavery. On the whole, there is too much reason to fear that reconstruction has still to be begun; and it matters comparatively little whether the execution of an abortive law is committed to the hands of a Republican or of a Democratic President. As the election approaches, the condition of the South seems to become worse and worse; and the anxiety which it causes has for the time superseded less urgent controversies. Both parties avoid the question of repudiation, in the fear that a declaration of opinion may be injurious to the cause, either in the East or in the West. General BUTLER, who is, little to the credit of his constituents, again to be returned to Congress, has lately abstained from propounding the dishonest policy which he once thought indispensable to his success. On the other hand, Mr. SEYMORE is absolved, by the reticence imposed on Presidential candidates, from the unprofitable duty of repeating his former protests against repudiation.

LORD CARNARVON AT BIRMINGHAM.

IF any one cares to know the sort of work which is provided for the later Sessions of the new House of Commons, he will do well to study Lord CARNARVON's address to the Social Science Association. The decisive contests which will follow upon the opening of Parliament will hardly leave much time next year for ordinary legislation, but when the issues involved in them are disposed of, and the question which party is to govern England is settled for the moment, every one of the questions upon which Lord CARNARVON touches will come up for discussion. The excitement of political strife often blinds those engaged in it to the amount of hard commonplace work which there is for Parliament to do. The House of Commons is a willing servant when it has an energetic master set over it, but under the weak Governments which from various causes have been the rule for some time past, it has been apt to take matters too easily. This in part accounts for the arrears of business which have gradually accumulated on its hands. Idleness, especially the idleness of hasty and ill-directed industry, is responsible for a good deal of the burden. Besides this, the intellectual activity of the time has led to the raising of many more questions than it is at present possible to answer satisfactorily. It might have been wiser perhaps to let them slumber till we were prepared to deal with them in some definite way; but as it

was plainly useless to lay down this prudent rule, the difficulties of the moment and the difficulties of twenty years hence are all mixed up together in an undistinguishable and unmanageable mass. Into this chaos Lord CARNARVON has done his best to introduce some order. People will differ, of course, as to whether his survey of the various matters which demand immediate handling is absolutely exhaustive; but most men will admit that he has included nothing which is undeserving of a place in such a catalogue. All the points which follow one another in his address are of immense moment to one or more classes of the English people; most of them affect, indirectly if not directly, all classes alike. Such an outline as this obviously leaves little room for detailed comment. If the original conception and the subsequent selection are what they ought to be, there is nothing for the critic to do except to call attention to the magnitude of the needs which are here collected together. To know how much work lies before us can hardly be called a step to its performance. But it is so indispensable a preliminary to concerted and intelligent labour that we may well be grateful to any one who has taken the pains to put the information within our reach.

The two questions which occupy the first place in Lord CARNARVON's summary lie somewhat apart from the ordinary province of the Social Science Association. But to the inhabitants of a country which has peopled continents with its surplus population, and spread a network of commercial relations over the entire globe, such subjects as the conditions under which nationality may be changed or retained, and the limits within which private property at sea should be exempt from capture in war, come home with a keenness which the citizens of differently circumstanced States can hardly realize. The Association found itself in a more accustomed groove when Lord CARNARVON passed on to that large and growing group of questions which pass under the name of sanitary legislation. To improve those dwellings "in which the mind and character of a people, especially of a Northern people," are formed, to prevent those alterations which are needed to make our cities habitable and healthy from producing an exactly opposite effect on large classes of the community, to ameliorate the condition of the sick and aged who are increasingly becoming the sole inmates of many of our workhouses—here is a bundle of duties which unfortunately are none the less pressing because some attempt was made to discharge them during the past Session. In the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Act, and in the last Poor Relief Act, Parliament did but touch with one of its fingers the evils which have to be remedied. To some extent, probably, this imperfect treatment may have been owing to an unwillingness to interfere with private or local exertions. With one necessary reservation, the doctrine in which this unwillingness—so far as it is genuine—has its root is orthodox enough. The less the State concerns itself with work which will be done without its intervention, the better for all parties. But, in preaching this, it must not be forgotten that there are many things which it is better the State should do than that they should be left altogether undone. It does not follow, because the State ought not to paralyse local or private energy, that it should acquiesce in local or private inaction. In the case of Poor Relief, for example, it would be highly unwise to supplant a Board of Guardians which does its work well by any central authority. But that is no reason for leaving the composition of these bodies unaltered where they have proved to be incompetent, any more than it is for keeping on foot a system of inspection which has proved to be exceedingly faulty. Yet the Poor Relief Act of last Session is guilty of both these mistakes, besides the still grosser, because less excusable, error of leaving 10,000 idiots scattered over the country workhouses "to their own misery and the misery of all who are obliged to associate with them."

If sanitary legislation is reduced to its first principles, its objects may be resolved into two—the universal provision of pure air and pure water. With the first of these ends is connected the whole subject of overcrowding. To the second relate such vexed questions as the sources whence water can be best brought to the great towns, the relative merits of the intermittent and constant systems of supply, the purification of rivers, and "the liberation and employment in the service of agriculture" of all those substances which, while they poison water, make the poorest soil rich. The subjects included under this group differ from those in the last in that they have not yet passed the stage of scientific discussion. We must have more certain information upon some of them before we can legislate to much purpose. Still the difficulties attending them are in no sense insurmountable, and if the

problems they suggest remain much longer unsolved, it will speak ill for that civilization whose glory, according to Lord CARNARVON, it is "that while she consumes, she also rates, human life more highly, and proclaims in all her works that there is nothing so humble or so mean that science will not take account of it, and true statesmanship ponder it, in order to add one day or week or hour to the average life of the millions who are labouring with and amidst "and around us."

It is a great merit in Lord CARNARVON's address that he does not allow one part of his subject to encroach on another. There is a keen sense of order and proportion apparent throughout. From the material conditions of social improvement he passes to the moral, and considers the method of dealing with the criminal classes, whether by punishment or prevention. It is satisfactory to find the President of the Social Science Association laying down in unmistakeable terms that, though "penal discipline may be and ought to be up to a certain point reformatory," the "reformation of the offender is not the only consideration." If this elementary truth had been kept more in view, we should not have had so many failures to record among our experiments in prison discipline. The point on which Lord CARNARVON insists most strongly is the necessity of treating "repeated reconviction, even for minor offences, with far greater severity than is now the case." He extends this principle not only to acknowledged criminals, but to those incorrigible vagrants whom every fresh day sees turned out from the casual ward, "after some ghastly revel during the night or some brawl in the morning, once more to start upon their circuits with as much regularity as the judge who may have to sentence them, selecting those unions where the discipline is lax or the diet generous, and calculating, with an unerring precision, upon the provision the law has made for their maintenance." Even with this wretched class, Lord CARNARVON continues, "unpalatable as may be the conclusion, I believe that very lengthened sentences are alone likely to be effective. All other expedients seem mere palliations of a very grave evil." With regard to education, Lord CARNARVON's tone has some points of contact with Mr. Lowe's. To both the "great constitutional change of last year" has given the question a new importance, and made impossible that "alternative of docile stupidity" which was "never justifiable." But upon what constitutes education they differ, as might have been expected, as widely as possible. Lord CARNARVON sees keenly the defects of a system which leaves some classes altogether untouched, and only just touches others. But he does not admit that the three R's are the sum of human culture even for the humblest; and, with praiseworthy frankness, he declares his belief "that any system which fails to conciliate a distinct and sufficient religious teaching—by which I mean a teaching founded upon definite doctrines, and not upon an impalpable and shadowy religionism, calculated to embrace all creeds and give offence to none—will not do justice to children or to teachers."

Lord CARNARVON's remarks upon Trades'-Unions are characterized by his accustomed moderation and justice. In the existing condition of the labour-market he recognises in them a useful protection to the workman against that ignorance of the value of his labour, and that difficulty of transferring himself from one market to another, which has often placed him at a disadvantage in his dealings with the capitalist. At the same time Lord CARNARVON regards them as an expedient which is destined to pass away, since at most they do but answer imperfectly an end which might, he considers, be better secured by arbitration and industrial partnerships. It may be hoped that trades to which one of these expedients is not applicable may be successfully reached by the other. Lord CARNARVON's list of subjects is not yet exhausted. He goes on to deal with the complex necessities of railway legislation, the difficulties attending upon the adoption of an international coinage, and that common territory of abstract and social science—the progress of meteorological research. There is not one, it will be seen, of the numerous subdivisions of his address which will not furnish material, in the immediate or the more distant future, for legislative treatment. It is to be hoped that the sectional labours of the Association will do as much to prepare the way for this result as the President's admirable introduction.

THE BOOKISH POLITICIAN.

IT has been remarked that one of the most peculiar features in English society at present, whether we deplore or approve it, is the union which a great many men are attempting to make between literary and philosophic study and activity in politics. There are

various reasons for this rather new direction of combined thought. Perhaps among the first is the fact that the writer on philosophical subjects whose liberal and critical temper has fitted in with the tendencies of the time and given him a leading influence over younger minds is also one of the most ardent politicians alive. The ex-Professor of History at Oxford, also, exerting a remarkable power over the generation who were pupils while he occupied the chair, has contributed greatly to the same result by the warmth and the energetic expression of his political sympathies. Generally, there is a feeling abroad that a man's character is deficient unless it contains a civil and social element very decidedly pronounced; that the old monastic type of learned life is both inadequate for the individual and little profitable for the society to which he belongs, and to which in all cases he owes so much. And yet in the heat of an election, with the whole air full of passion and uproar, of vulgar fury and vulgar ignorance, of misrepresentation and personality, and bad arguments and bad temper, if a quiet country Sunday should by some blessed chance intervene in the storm of canvassing and declaiming, the student who has trusted himself to the sometimes miry floods of public life may perhaps wonder whether, after all, it is worth while. The serene air of his library, with the fragrance of books which is too subtle for the grosser olfactory sense, and the absence from its divine precincts of an Irish Church, of Trades' Unions, of retrenchment and expenditure, of Game-laws, of Permissive Bills, of Lord's Day Observance Societies, of the English political future—this reminds him that, after all, the monkish view of things had its decent, comfortable, and human side. Long rows of poets, philosophers, chroniclers look down on him with mild and reproachful eyes, and he thinks how many glorious and fruitful hours they have given him. The commonplace books on his table, teeming with suggestions for mighty and immortal works that he should one day compose to his own honour and to the lasting profit of mankind, are but as the extinguished lamps and faded garlands of yesterday's feast. He knows that the immortal works will never be written, that mankind will remain thus far unprofited, that thus far he will have to go unhonoured. This strain of meditation soon breeds a gentle melancholy, not out of keeping with the gentle exultation with which he had found himself once again in the familiar and sheltering place. Contrasts between the transient splendours of political position and the tamer but more enduring fame of literature present themselves, as the unlucky son of Isaac may now and again have reflected on the contrast between a mess of pottage and a birthright. If one could only do both, as one or two men have done in our time! But then they were extraordinary men, thinking that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures," well-trained in mental discipline to begin with, as was the case especially with Cornwall Lewis, Grote, and Mill, and therefore able to work thoroughly and effectively in working time, indifferent to vulgar fame, and so the less impeded and fretted by intensity of desire in winning it.

These, however, are conditions with which it is not given to all or many to be able to comply. Not all nor many can care so much for mankind as to be willing to cut themselves off from its society for the greater part of their days. It seems so hard that zeal for men and women in the abstract should rob you of the pleasures which men and women may give in the concrete. Even if one could be self-denying enough and industrious enough to sacrifice time and to use time with fullest effect, is there not something terribly difficult in moving from the speculative and literary groove into the alien groove of politics and practice? The mind seems to get a certain fit and shape and bent in the one set of pursuits which makes it move awkwardly, uncomfortably, and ineffectively in the other. For example, it may be true, as some people say, that we are living in a reproduction of the Byzantine epoch; but suppose you have been working hard at Byzantine history, and grown warm over your labours, then to have to turn to the wearisome sort of practical questions that make up contemporary politics is a task which one does not usually encounter with either alacrity or fitness. The kind of considerations which guide and stimulate and engage one's earnest attention in history or philosophy—provided this attention is meant to end productively and not in simple acquisition—are widely different from those which preside over politics. The focus has to be altered. You have an uncomfortable feeling of having overshot your mark, and so of having to pull up, and then to turn into another direction. There is a jar, the prospect of which interferes with the speculative work, and the effect of which interferes with the practical work. There can be no doubt that freedom from disturbing external conditions is essential to productive moods of speculation and composition; and how can a man be free from disturbing external conditions when he is wondering whether his seat is safe, or whether some rich pork-butcher will be thought a more fit and proper person; whether the licensed victuallers will be strong enough to make him swallow a pledge against the Permissive Bill, or the clergy strong enough to throw him out for voting for disestablishment; whether his leader will go straight or make flank movements; whether he will stick to the convictions of ten, twenty, thirty years' duration, or will insist on those which he somehow picked up yesterday? If all this kind of meditation gets into a man's head, as it is apt to do, while he is dressing and breakfasting, he finds it no easy matter, after he has swallowed his eggs and toast, to go among his books and straightway forget what manner of things he has been thinking about. The Byzantine period looks pale and remote in comparison; and really for

him, under these circumstances, a single copy of the *Times* is, as poor Mr. Cobden said, worth all the works of Thucydides. It is obvious that only minds of extraordinary grasp and power of abstraction can sink the urgency of the present in their desire to understand or reproduce somewhat of the past. As for philosophy, long chains of connected reflection where the links are only abstract ideas and general laws—how shall a man bring himself with all his force into this when he has been compelled to dissipate some of his energies in concrete calculations of actual probabilities, and in thinking about particular events of the hour? To be actively and keenly participating in the present is a decisive disqualification for working in the past and dealing with the abstract; and all this the bookish politician finds out the moment he begins his long-meditated attempt to combine the two. He then retreats behind a second entrenchment of consolatory purpose. He admits, as circumstance forbids him to deny, that the proposed combination is impossible; that the only thing which the demands of public life leave is a margin of time and a fragment of mental energy for dabbling in literature. Instead of writing on history or speculating in philosophy, he is forced to limit himself to reading what smaller people say on these mighty themes in the quarterly reviews. Such a state, of course, does not satisfy the still burning ambition which it takes a long experience in practical politics wholly to put out; so he comes to the wise resolve not to attempt the greater schemes of earlier days at present, but to reserve himself for some remoter time of leisure, when, with political aims achieved, the young man's thirst for Parliamentary distinction slaked, his little mark made on the action of his time, he shall bring ripened wisdom and the cool temper of one who knows men to those great tasks of the period which are as the very fruit and vintage of a well-spent life. It is not well to disturb this harmless and pleasing illusion. The mere prospect of literature on the furthest horizon, even though his friends know that it will be ever receding and that the gracious phantom will never be grasped, by some means or other mellowed character. To have any love for books keeps a man out of the hideous and rank vulgarity of mind which is so apt to seize and penetrate the politician who is never anything but a

We are very fond of talking about our literary statesmen; and that Lord Derby should have translated Homer, and that Mr. Gladstone should have written about Homer, are often mentioned as things of which a nation should be rather proud. Yet the literature done by active politicians is seldom good for much. Lord Derby's Homer is successful enough, but if it had been done by a parvenu in family as it was by a parvenu in literature, it would assuredly not have gone through ever so many editions. As for Mr. Gladstone's studies in the same direction, *non ragioniam di lor*; let us bury them kindly with rose-leaves, as the little murdered babes in the wood were buried. Mr. Disraeli's best novels are brimful of genius and cleverness, but when he wrote them he took politics and the world generally somewhat lightly and airily. His mind was buoyant; and it is just this buoyancy—we do not mean that it ought to be tempered with Mr. Disraeli's moral peculiarities—which in some one of its many forms a writer or a student should have; and it is because politics make such urgent and imperative demands on the attention, and, if you are not a fool and a dilettante, weigh with such force on the spirit, that men cannot do good work there and good work in letters at the same time—if, that is to say, they have once got out into the full current of affairs. Meanwhile, however, the young political amateur does not see why he should not enjoy the buzzes of the thronging electors and still hold to his bookishness as well. It is a delightful dream, and does credit to his aspirations; and it is only by and by that he finds that politics are an absorbing business, like having a great warehouse or a bank to superintend, though they may be and occasionally are made a good deal more elevated than things that concern money only.

OLD GIRLS.

IT is a little difficult to disentangle the varied influences which tell on ourselves and on the world in which we live, and still harder perhaps to sort them when fairly disentangled in any definite order of value, but we are inclined on the whole to think that the most powerful of our social influences is that of the Old Girl. Husbands and wives, old men and maidens, tell of course in some way on the general mass of thoughts and impulses of lives and characters, around them; but their action is, from the very nature of their domestic position, their personal aims, and their business distractions, limited and indirect. Without a home, without the ties of a family, unfettered at last by matrimonial aims, relieved by a genteel competence from the cares of business, the Old Girl, on the other hand, bears down upon life with a singleness of aim and a directness of purpose which bides one expect great things. And no doubt the Old Girl has done great things. She has built Bath. She has created Tupper. She has invented the popular preacher. The sensational novel arose at her call. The unwritten code of feminine society is a monument of her legislation. Platonic affection is the highest reach of her fancy. She has taken Evangelicalism captive and dawns at it through a month of Exeter Hall. She has seized Ritualism, and dragged smooth-shaven directors to the feet of their "Mother Superior." And, but the other day, she took the form of Miss Becker, and with a wild slogan of "Woman's Rights," drove a host of revising barristers

like chaff before the wind. It is impossible to pass with the usual smile of good-humoured contempt before a force such as this; we long instinctively to know more about it, to examine its various elements, to watch it in its origin, its developments, its end. There is a wide gulf, we see at once, between the Old Girl and the Fading Flower. The feverish mobility, the half-despairing yet passionate desire to attract, the strange medley of poetry and prose, of sentiment and worldliness, that amused us in the earlier stage, is gone. Life has fairly settled down into a calm monotony. The Old Girl looks out over the level sands of existence as the colossal forms of Egyptian sculpture look over the desert, with the same grand immobility, with a patience of cards and crochet almost as divine as theirs. A faint echo, indeed, of the passions of the past ripples up every now and then to die at her feet. Sometimes there is a lover, old as herself, dying down as she dies into the peace and rest of things, yet jostling against her at intervals to wake the old memories, to renew the old offers. And then the voice and the look and the touch will bring about a slight attack of "la seconde jeunesse," a dim trouble of heart, a shy pleasant quickening of pulse, a tear, a headache, ere they pass away. But they do pass away. Year after year, it may be, the appeal is renewed, and the pulse quickens, and the tear drops, but the Old Girl remains an Old Girl still. She muses over it sometimes in moments of renewed calm, and wonders how it all can be. There was a time, she owns, when the very uncertainty was pleasant, when the mere freedom of choice was delightful, when there was a strange sense of power in having a lover at her feet, in the faith that, though rejected, a year would bring him to the same feet again. He is there still, but the old pleasure is gone. She recalls, with a strange bewilderment of heart, how near she has been more than once to that impossible "Yes"—near enough even to devise little plots for the discovery whether she were loved for her own love's sake—and how the little plots all proved her woer true, and how the "Yes" remained impossible still. Again and again she has brought herself to the brink, and has peeped over and run away. She cannot conquer this trouble, this panic, this overpowering dismay at the thought of change. Life has fixed her in its grooves, has settled her into habits and places and times, has crystallized her tastes and sentiment, her likings and dislikings, her hopes and fears. Years have brought knowledge, and with it a fear that casteth out love. Is it possible to trust that sober, middle-aged, unromantic woer so completely, now that passion has ceased to blind? Is it likely that two people whose lives have taken their own peculiar mould will be able to fuse their lives into one? And, after all, is it worth while to incur such risks for what must be a pale passionless friendship? There are moments when the woman's heart wakes up in the Old Girl, and she almost hates the good-tempered, commonplace suitor as he pleads his faithfulness, as he promises her a constant affection and esteem. Why didn't he force her into happiness when something more was possible than affection and esteem? But it is only for a moment, and again the heart settles down into peace. The passionate longing dies into the dreamy chaunt of the Lotos-eater:—

Let what is broken so remain,
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again,
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain.

And so the Old Girl settles down to Egyptian immobility and her work-table. The only trace of the past that the outer world can see about her is that her dress, like that of the clergy, manages somehow to lag a little behind its day. She employs the same milliners, she patronizes the same bonnet-shop; if she falls back on the friendly aid of a little rouge or kohl, it is precisely the same kohl and rouge that her butterfly niece uses. But somehow the general effect lags, as we said, about a twelvemonth behind. There is nothing else, however, to remind men of the past. No one is more busy with the present. No one is so full of its fun and its follies, no one so well up in the last novel and the latest scandal, as the Old Girl. Not that she is really very scandalous or romantic. What she really wants is occupation; and the occupation that life gives to others in a thousand cares of children and butchers' bills she has to make for herself. And so she flings herself with an intense energy into the chaos of little things. Little engagements, little pleasures, minute particles of business, the tiniest little-tattle, all are so many weapons against the dreary inactivity of her life. She seasons and spices it well with little outbreaks of temper, with moods and fancies and glooms and humours, in the hope of relieving its tastelessness. She gilds it over with thin layers of literature, of art, of poetry; she brightens it now and then with a delicate gourmandise. It is amusing to hear the Old Girl discuss the merits of an *entrée*, and laugh at the tender maiden who dislikes Madeira. Above all, she fights against the lovelessness of her life. She caricatures the affection she has missed by a succession of pets. There is a sly humour in the way in which she comforts a love-lorn Ophelia by the story of her sorrow over her favourite tabby, and how a gracious Providence brought her through it. There is a charming irony in the legacy of her last lapdog to the woer who has woed her for half a century. But her sympathies are far from stopping short at tabbies and lapdogs. She pours out her passion for pets on the sapegrace nephew in the Guards, and on the meek curate at the Parsonage. She turns the one into a *roué*, and the other into a clerical fop. On the clergy indeed the Old Girl delights

to show forth her power. Sometimes she likes to snub them. We once knew an Old Girl who took up her abode at a bishop's house with the simple design of persecuting young deacons. It was delightful to watch her as she caught them in the freshness of their zeal, lured them into the revelation of their hopes and plans, and then informed them that she had heard all this a hundred times before, and never knew much good come of new brooms. It was the very helplessness of these young Levites that made the game so perfectly diverting as she induced them to read the pious little tracts she wrote for Paternoster Row, or to chat with her on the lawn, or to take her down to dinner, and then in the very moment of their highest ecstasies entertained an archdeacon by breaking them on the wheel. Sometimes the Old Girl prefers to rout the clergy up. She sees that they do their duty. She looks in on the sick cases to make sure they have been attended to. She tastes the port wine and the soup that the curate has left. She takes notes during the sermon, and sends in the morning a score of doubtful passages, with a request that the preacher will be good enough to reconcile them with certain texts which she has kindly annexed. She watches over the orthodoxy of his vestments, and circumvents a dawning tendency towards preaching in a surplice by the seasonable gift of a new silk gown. The most eminent example of this sort of clerical supervision which we remember to have met with was Mrs. Hannah More. Those who have read the biography of that very eminent and typical Old Girl will remember the terror she diffused throughout the clergy of the West, how foxhunting ceased and port wine retired beneath the table, how she made circuits of the churches that she might catechize the preacher in the vestry, how, when her clerical victim barricaded himself in his study, she called up the servants and prayed for his conversion in the hall. Hannah Mores have rather gone out of fashion just now, or rather they have walked over into the opposite camp. The "Mother Superior" is the Old Girl of the new movement. The fussiness, the kindness, the severity, the humours, the pettiness, the eccentricities, the real good sense and warmheartedness of Old Girlhood receive their consecration under the veil and the pokebonnet. A host of little services, of little bells tinkling at odd moments, invest with an air of piety the waste of a day. Scandal becomes obedience when the sister is pledged to reveal all to the motherly ear; despotism becomes discipline when it is haltered into a rule; prudery becomes purity when it retires from the world into its cell. This is not perhaps the highest aim of woman, or the sublime consummation which at first sight it seems to be, but at any rate it is better than mere unrelieved tittle-tattle, or the bitter bigotry that fights for the last trick over the card-tables of Cheltenham or Bath.

But, after all, extremes like these are but the fringe of Old Girlhood—extremes into which it plunges when it is roused into an activity that is not its own. Kind, good-tempered, a little sentimental, a little prossic, the really characteristic atmosphere of an Old Girl is the atmosphere of rest. The ample form, the yet ampler folds of her silken robe, give a promise of largeness and toleration and good-humour which the energetic woman of married life can seldom afford. Schoolboys run to her for toffy; schoolgirls pour into that sympathizing breast the raptures and despairs of their earliest love; and weary men, tired of the stress and racket of life, somehow like to come there too, to leave behind them all the movement and ambition of their existence without, and to find at any rate in one circle the quietude and repose which they find nowhere else. It is the memory of such pleasant resting-places in the journey of life that makes us whisper our *Requiescat in Pace* over the grave of the Old Girl.

ECONOMY IN MINIMIS.

THREE are certain questions which annually and very appropriately come up for discussion in the "silly season"—questions which we believe to be as hopeless of solution as the squaring the circle or the transmutation of metals. The problem that runs through them all may be broadly stated to be the reconciling of luxury with frugality, and the regulating by a hard and fast tariff of what are pure matters of feeling. This year the efforts of ingenious theorists on these matters have received a marked impulse from the success which has crowned congenial efforts in what, as they are pleased to assume, is a strictly parallel direction. Pressure judiciously brought to bear on our butchers and grocers has breached the monopoly of fancy prices behind which these tradesmen had entrenched themselves. By the co-operative system, at the cost of some extra trouble, and by the expenditure of a certain additional amount of time—which may possibly be a drag with us—we can effect a very appreciable saving. If those gentlemen to whom the daily press so hospitably opens its vacant and yawning columns could offer any suggestion equally practicable with the co-operative system, as a panacea for the abuses which they denounce, we should be only too glad to hear them. But the experience of the dreary past is not falsified by a perusal of the stereotyped correspondence which the present season reproduces. The dull monotony of its daily drip makes no impression whatever on anything but the patience of a much-tolerating public. Unluckily we are become greatly too familiar with it all to be the dupes of the air of business-like sagacity which audaciously assumes the practicability of Utopian schemes, or by the easy confidence with which the reviver of the tritest question arrogates

to himself all the credit of original discovery. After it all, we feel as if we were listening to the prattle of a party of elderly ladies who, on their return from their summer holiday, draw in their chairs, lay their heads together, and enjoy a grumble over the items of the hotel bills which they ran up with their eyes open, and the amount of the gratuities to servants which they gave of their own free will. And, like many old ladies who barter mutual sympathy over fanciful ailments, their cases are the less susceptible of treatment that the complaint is in the nerves, and not in the system. It is the very superstition of economy to imagine that you can regulate the outgoings for your pleasures on the same principles that distribute your income over the necessities of your daily life. People who affect popular and fashionable luxuries had best make up their minds at once to submit to a certain amount of exactation—of imposition, if you choose to give it the harsher name. It may be disinterestedly philanthropical, but it is anything but selfishly prudent, to set yourself up, while taking your pleasure, as the redresser of even those social wrongs that affect yourself personally. Your individual action makes all the difference to your own comfort, but it will influence very little that of other people. And it is hopeless to organize a movement where, from habit, folly, or feeling, each man would always be turning traitor to his neighbour, and doing his best to defeat the object he professed to desire. We admit that they may be real grievances that these grumblers complain of. But we say that what remedy there is rests with themselves individually, and that no one can help them to apply it.

Of course hotel-keepers come in for the lion's share of the autumn's abuse, not unnaturally and not undeservedly. You cannot eat your cake and have it, and the head of the household looks gloomily at the microscopic balance left at his banker's after the summer pilgrimage into which he was persuaded by the blandishments of his family, and the course of which he found beset by sorrows. An Englishman always likes fair value for his money, and, according to his lights, he intensely appreciates creature comforts. Bottles of travellers' sherry at six shillings each, thin, harsh Medoc doing duty for Château Lafitte at seven, outrage alike his sense of justice and his palate. The regret he feels for his vanished banknotes assumes a more morose type under the consciousness that he has parted with many of them for no consideration. It does seem hard that the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century should still leave as unsafe as ever the great roads that lead to all that is most sublime and beautiful. Worthy representatives of rough-brogued, breechless caterans still hold the approaches to the countries of Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu. Lying in wait behind the bars of elegant Gothic and Italian buildings, instead of in the copsewood and the bracken, accomplices of the great territorial magnate who taxes their profits, they levy merciless blackmail on the stranger whom circumstances compel to trust himself within their gates. And the mantles of the robber chivalry of the Rhine, falling down from their rock-perched castles, have lighted on the shoulders of the smug civil innkeepers below, and nowadays the traveller is fleeced in a commodious comfortable edifice, whose front door opens conveniently on the landing-place of the steamers, and its back one on the platform of the railway. On these well-trodden high roads of cockney fashion the freehanded and ostentatious expenditure of years has spoiled at once the market and the hotel-keeper. It is not in human nature to refuse, when the purse-proud tourist shows the innkeeper the contents of the well-filled portemonnaie and tells him to help himself. Leagues like those of Rodolph of Hapsburg with the free cities of the Rhine are out of date, and now, instead of extirpation, you would wish to stop short at reform. And with what arguments in favour of reform do you hope to work on the innkeeper, so long as at present prices, and with his present mode of treating his guests, he can fill his house from cellar to attic? If you aspire to be fashionable, you must be content to pay the prices that fashion not only consents to, but insists upon. You make up your mind to this, or you ought to do so, and you enter the dens you abuse with your eyes open to their character. When you complain of the particular items over which the landlord chooses to distribute his total, he might reasonably retort with an inquiry as to what you are doing in his particular galley. "Just round the corner are the *Weiße Ross*, and the *Stadt Mainz*, and the *Herr* would find them quite good enough for him, and more in keeping with his means." That is a free translation of the civilly supercilious shrug with which he acknowledges your remonstrances. And the host would be quite right. The man to whom money is any object at all had much better purchase a Baedeker, and choose his hotels by the light which that experienced and economical German throws on the subject. He ought to know that everywhere, from Ostend to the Rhine, from the Rhine to Geneva, and thence home by Paris, what are in our English vocabulary second-class houses often pass for first-class with foreigners. At Brussels, Cologne, Frankfort, Basle, for example, excellent as are our familiar hotels, the expert and gourmet will often leave them, by choice, for more modest establishments of mere local celebrity. In those quieter houses you may find better cookery, better service, scarcely inferior accommodation, and infinitely inferior prices; and—what may be sometimes no slight inducement—they are largely patronized by genuine foreign rank and royalty. If you mean to go among those Highland inns where the solitary hostelry offers the tourist of moderate means a Hobson's choice, our advice would be that of *Punch* to persons about to marry. The world is wide enough, and

better a mountain a few feet less high, a gorge a few feet less deep, and a contented mind, than the skirts of Ben Lomond or Snowdon with the temper ruffled by a sense of robbery and wrong. Staying away, you at once consult your dignity, and calm your conscience with the reflection that you have done far more to vindicate the principle you have at heart than the man who submits his purse voluntarily to a landlord's unscrupulous manipulation, and then goes to whine out the story of his weakness in the columns of the *Times*.

As for the mooted retrenchment in the direction of servants' fees, we can say conscientiously that the attack has been urged with a terseness of style, closeness of logic, and precision of thought, that mark the assailants as foemen worthy of the quills of the army of horse and foot, coachmen and grooms, footmen and keepers, who have rushed to the defence. Some of the great anonymous generalize from particular instances where they have known or heard of "paper" being given; others prove the negative by uncompromising and reiterating assertion. An especially insolent keeper and an exceptionally pert housemaid are convicted on the hearsay evidence of a single witness, and forthwith set up as types of a class whose grasping and impertinence are held up to unmitigated reprobation. The remedy which finds most general favour appears to us in every respect worthy of the discussion which precluded its suggestion. It is proposed that the host should set up in a conspicuous place in his house a box—a "sort of poor-box," as one enthusiast accurately describes it—into which his generous guests should cast the alms they destine for his household, and he is supposed to undertake the periodical distribution of this charity money. Should this faith in anonymous benevolence prove to be but leaning on a broken reed—and we suspect few people will care to bestow either gold or silver on an abstraction—the institution of the box is only likely to engender disappointment and bad blood. If, on the contrary, the lavish should continue to contribute as freely as we are told they do now, while neither their left hands nor the recipients of their largesses have any means of knowing what their right hands are doing, then, if the master is a sensible man, declining to spoil his servants by making them men of independent fortunes, he will adjust their wages to a sliding scale, or in extreme cases make them pay him for their places. It is not impossible that the fine old English gentleman might object to being forced into a position so opposed to the hospitable traditions of his house. The whole question is, as we have said, simply a matter of sentiment, in which each man must be left free to decide for himself, and where no regulations can be made sufficiently binding to tie liberal hands. It certainly does sound like an anomaly that you should contribute towards paying your hospitable friends servants, or even the servants of a public company which charges you heavily enough for undertaking the delivery of yourself and your luggage. But the fair way to look at the matter seems to us to be this. You are brought into close contact with an inferior, who has it in his power to establish a claim on your gratitude by the way in which he may discharge his duty. You give him thanks of course, but money is what is really an object to him, and your gratitude naturally takes the shape that you feel will be most acceptable. Did you not "tip," you would carry away with you an unpleasant weight of obligation. And in the case of a keeper—a man with whom you have at least one taste in common, and whom you often come to regard as a pleasant acquaintance, if not as a friend—your gift not unfrequently takes the character of a tribute to friendship. Those who feel that they cannot comfortably afford to fall in with an old custom—which, although often abused, is based, after all, on good feeling and common sense—may either renounce visiting, with other expensive luxuries, or may accept invitations risking the unjust imputation of stinginess as one of the disagreeables attendant on straitened means. But most men will find a third course open, and very few who can afford to incur the little expenses which are in any case incidental to travelling, visiting, shooting, or hunting, need baulk themselves of these pleasures on the score of the fees expected by servants. They must only muster the resolution to give as they ought, and not as they fancy they must. Otherwise, the sole hope we see of a clear way out of this dilemma between pleasure and parsimony lies either in the enactment of stringent sumptuary laws, modelled on those which worked so admirably in ancient Rome, or in the legislation of some future Parliament of advanced Reformers, which may abolish alike servants and masters, game and property generally.

DEAN MILMAN.

TO say that Dean Milman was no common man would be only to say what is true of any voluminous writer, especially if that writer has employed himself in many branches of literature. The phrase would be applicable, indeed, to one who has attained to a distinguished position in his profession, whatever that calling may be, and even to one whose name is familiar to the readers of contemporary biography, newspapers, or "Men of Our Time," and perhaps to the novelist who returns thanks for "English Literature" at public dinners. But what makes Dean Milman especially remarkable is that he epitomizes and sums up and exhausts all that English education, under its highest and best conditions, can do. It may be said that he had every chance. He had; and the lesson of his career is to show that the best conditions of English education and life can produce very much indeed. In that sense he is a representative man, a representative of the highest English culture. And we must say that, if this our culture can produce a

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tree of this fruitage, of this quantity and quality of fruit, we may be pardoned for thinking that we in England can hold our own when we give our best men every chance, and our culture has its full development.

Henry Hart Milman was born of a family just above the middle ranks. His father, the first baronet, a favourite Royal physician, a man of refinement, with the manners and bearing of a courtier, was likely to give his sons, as he had every chance of procuring for them, a favourable start in English life. The youngest of them was sent to a famous scholar of those days. The Burneys, father and son, of Greenwich had a school of the like of which no private academy of these days gives the least notion. Burney was a scholar of that sound, rich, full-bodied type, when England had scholars. Burney held his own—*tentamen de metris Eschyleis* Burney—with Porson, the great Cambridge scholar, and with Elmsley, the great Oxford scholar. Burney followed on the Bentley school and the Daves school, and such men as Blomfield, Monk, and Butler of Shrewsbury followed him. "Dr. Burney of Greenwich" was Milman's first schoolmaster. From Burney's care Milman was transferred to Eton, from Eton to Oxford. At Oxford he took the highest classical honours, became Fellow of Brasenose, got the Newdegate—and a famous Newdegate too, the Apollo Belvedere—got the Latin Verse, got the two Essays, preached the Bampton Lecture, became a University Professor, succeeded to two Crown livings in succession, one of which was endowed with a Westminster prebend, and died Dean of St. Paul's. This is a complete career. It is a perfect cycle, and exhaustive. Milman had every opportunity, and he used every opportunity, and every opportunity carried him to the very first rank. Any one of these incidents of an academical and clerical life would distinguish a man; Milman won all these distinctions.

We have spoken only of his external life, his positions and distinctions and place among men. Now let us see what he did. He was a scholar, a critic, a poet, an historian, a dramatist. Possibly it may be said, and it might be said with truth, that to be really and truly a man of letters, a man must have all these elements of excellence in him, just as Leonardo was poet, painter, sculptor, writer, engineer, and the rest of it. No doubt of it, there ought to be this completeness in an artist, in the highest sense of the term; only we so seldom find the combination. Dean Milman went very far indeed to fulfil it. We do not say that in every work, or that in every branch of creative art, he was the very first name that we know, but he stood in the first rank of all his pursuits. We have said that his prize-poem was the best of its contemporaries. His Bampton Lecture—scarcely one of the newspaper historians of the week remembers it—was rather juvenile, and, if our memory serves us, began in a scenic sort of way with a tableau of the Apostolic company. But all this was characteristic. The richness of Milman's mind flowered early and flowered gorgeously. His line was at the first entirely dramatic. Poetry seemed to be his gift; but it was dramatic poetry. The *Martyr of Antioch* is a beautiful poem; the *Fall of Jerusalem* is a fine drama. *Fazio* is about the one modern tragedy which keeps the stage, which actors appreciate and audiences like. To have done this, and no more than this, would have been to have earned fame. And to appreciate the sort of genius which Milman had, we may say that he lived, as perhaps in a sense we all live, on the confines of two generations and two sets of principles. The great man is he who thankfully uses the past, and finds it to be his work to create in some cases, in others to accommodate himself to, the new men and new things. This was at any rate what Milman did. He exhausted the old-fashioned solid eighteenth-century literature and principles, which however had made him to be what he was. He has done much to make our nineteenth-century modes of thought. We suppose that he was brought up under Tory traditions, and imbued with courtly and George III. views, as beffited the son of George III.'s physician. But he became the friend of Lord Lansdowne and the Russells and the Holland House people, and his chosen friendships were with Cornwall Lewis and Bunsen, and with all that was liberal and advancing. He was an Oxford Professor and a Bampton Lecturer on the one hand, and on the other the critical school claim him as their English pioneer. It seems that he used the post and the place he had, upon which to build; he was not so much on the look-out for innovation, but he rather took in daylight from every quarter where he could open a new window, or tear down a blocked-up and ancient obstacle to the sun and air of heaven. He was a Quarterly Reviewer all his life, a pillar of the house of Murray. But he seasoned the great Tory organ with strange salt, and led Tories and Churchmen and Oxford into new and strange lands. We are old enough to remember him lecturing, as Poetry Professor at Oxford, on the Sakontala and Sanscrit poetry. But all this time Milman, the poet and dramatist, was only settling down, finding out himself—unconsciously, perhaps, acquiring materials, principles, and growth. Keats somewhere says of a tree that in a dreary-nighted December it does not remember its green summer felicity. If this be true—and neither we nor Keats know much about a tree's consciousness or unconsciousness—we may add to it, that a man never forecasts his own complete future. A sort of accident seems to have directed Milman to his real *métier*—to that career which stamps him one of our great men, which has established his European reputation, and which has produced works that belong to standard English literature. We have said that he was a pillar of the house of Murray. Hitherto he had been a successful man at Oxford, a more than usually successful poet—though somewhat damped out by the growing

reputation of the Wordsworth, shortly to be expanded into the Tennyson, school—a prolific and diligent reviewer, a first-rate playwright. Still, all this was excellence, but not pre-eminence. His poetry was good, but not immortal. Indeed, the author of "Belshazzar" and "Samor" may be said to have written unreadable if respectable poems. The sappy growth of Milman's mind was destined to harden into the toughest fibre.

An apparent accident brought out the real greatness and true genius of Milman. It happened that old John Murray started a series, the *Family Library*, on a very discursive plan, which was indeed no plan at all. To Milman was committed the *History of the Jews*; a safe domestic padding manual was probably intended. What appeared astonished the world, and probably the writer too. He had read a good deal, and his learning forced itself from him. And he had thought a good deal, and what he thought he said. The *History of the Jews* was thought to be unscriptural, and very likely Milman had read the Père Simon and Astruc, and certainly Niebuhr, and probably a vast heap of unconnected and contradictory German speculation on the Bible. He had read books of this sort, but certainly not to follow them. But they had developed the critical faculty in Milman, and he made no allowance for the fact that he was twenty years ahead of his English readers. To call Milman's *History of the Jews* a rationalistic book is to show that you have never read it. Its chief offence was in calling Abraham a Sheik or an Emir. But Murray's shop did more for Milman than instigating this good but not very first-rate book. Murray wanted a new edition of Gibbon, and Milman undertook to edit and annotate it. Reading Gibbon, the editor read over Gibbon's authorities. He saw Gibbon's excellences and faults, his beauties, his learning, and his literary profligacy. Milman felt that he too had the historian's temper and gifts and acquirements. He became an historian, and to those who know his *History of Christianity* and his *History of Latin Christianity*—the *Times* reviewer speaks of only one of these works, and knows so much about it as to compare it with Dr. Burton—eulogy is impertinent. To those who know nothing about them we cannot in this place give an account of these gigantic works. Only an historian, or one given to historical studies, can understand what these books mean. There is one English writer utterly, we believe, unknown—Mr. Greenwood, the author of the *Cathedra Petri*—who in our times has trodden the same path, but with a distant and faltering or rather lumbering step. To have gone through such studies as Milman has in these great and, we believe, immortal works mastered, to compare evidences, to reconcile contradictions, to resolve doubts, to hold an even balance, to detect prejudice, and further, to suspect prejudice at every step—this is what the historian has to do. What he writes is only the merest instalment of what he has gone through in order to write, not so much, but so little. Milman is an historian with, as we have said, an historian's temper; and that temper ought to be critical, or a man is not an historian. The really important thing about Milman's great historical works is their impartiality. He is not himself, in habit of mind or thought, disposed to the thaumaturgic view of facts. But he makes allowance for it, accepts it, reasons on it calmly and without ill temper. He never laughs nor sneers. When forced into contemptuousness, he is pitiful; when scornful, he is not insolent. And if he is a critic, he shows his critical honesty by impugning not only views opposed to his own, but the views of those with whom he might be supposed to sympathize. He dissents from and ably criticizes Strauss; he dissents from Ewald; he dissents from and despises the Tübingen school; he dissents from Bunsen, and reminds him that to make bricks wholly of straw is perhaps a worse fate for an historian than to have to make them only of mud. Dr. Colenso he does not descend to mention by name, but his notice of the speculations of "a recent writer" who assigned the Pentateuch to Samuel is not likely to be forgotten.

But all this is scholar's work. Milman has gained a hold on English households, as well as taken his place with Gibbon, Grote, Thirlwall, and Palgrave. He was a deeply religious man. With no sympathies whatever with, and perhaps some impatience, and it may be scorn of, some religious schools among us, the author of those familiar hymns, "When our heads are bowed with woe," "Bound upon the accursed tree," and "Ride on, ride on in Majesty," and the more subjective composition "Brother, thou art gone before us" (from the *Martyr of Antioch*), has established a household name and has secured popular love. And it must be remembered that Milman was among the first to create this taste. Our hymnographers are now many. Every Church and every congregation sings hymns. But it was Milman—we are not forgetting either Heber or Keble—who was one of the first to cast an early seed on those fields which Trench and Neale, and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have so fully cultivated. We say nothing of the graceful contributions to pure scholarship with which Milman has enriched our literature—his *Horace*, an *édition de luxe*, his translation from the Agamemnon and the Bacchae, and his various scattered classical prologues. These are valued by a certain class of scholars—a class, we fear, rapidly diminishing from us.

Having had so much to say of the author, we have left ourselves little space to say anything, or at least we must now say much too little, of the man. A scholar does not much affect miscellaneous gatherings, but when the late Dean did go into society he adorned it by rare personal accomplishments. He was one of the very best talkers of

his age. First-rate talkers are very rare; but Milman's amazing memory, his stores of erudition and learning on the one hand, and of anecdote and personal recollection on the other, made him first among the first *causieurs*. And he was a just and honest talker. He appreciated other people's good things while he was profuse with his own. The vice of professed conversationalists is not so much their vanity as their selfishness. To these paltry feelings the Dean of St. Paul's was a perfect stranger. He could certainly afford from his superiority to be just, and it was not in him to be jealous. He was in all these social relations a genial and popular man, and in his own family the most loveable of human creatures. For a certain sort of popularity he had no gifts. He was no speaker; he had not the very least of platform tastes; with a superb scorn he disdained the arts which win fame at public meetings, and in a certain sense he was not a good preacher. He was too refined, too much habituated to limitations, too sensitive and too careful, to be able to fling out those broad statements which must be hazarded by the popular preacher. But in a certain sort of preaching he was first-rate. His *éloge* on the Duke of Wellington—we doubt whether it is published—struck us, as we were fortunate enough to hear it, as equal to the best of the French models of pulpit eloquence.

If these elements do not form the substance of immortality, such would be hard to find in human nature and human life. To complete and round this career it only remains to add that Dean Milman's life was crowned with an euthanasia. He had all that life could give, and he had contributed largely to the instruction of mankind, and to the good of the Church; not in one direction only, for it must not be forgotten that the scheme for the completion and decoration of St. Paul's, which is sure some day or other to be completed, is owing to his septuagenarian zeal and activity. He died in the ripeness of his age, in the mature perfection and complete retention of his faculties, with few of the sufferings of mortality. He often used, in a strange pathetic way, to deprecate that life in death, or rather death in life, which results from paralysis; and in his sermon on Wellington's funeral he said how merciful was the dispensation granted to the Great Duke that he had been spared that terrible end which Johnson, because he so dreaded it, so wonderfully painted:—

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Though struck down by paralysis, he died calmly and peacefully, without experiencing the terrible consequences of paralysis. And so Dean Milman has gone to his rest, a complete and noble man. In the words of the anthem which on Thursday was sung over all that is mortal of him—and why was not one of his own hymns sung over his grave?—His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore!

YOUNG ITALY.

IT has often been said that a nation which has once been great, and has fallen under the rule of oppressive masters, can never renew its vigour. All such general statements need to be taken with a grain of salt, and the confidence placed by the bulk of Englishmen in the future of Italy shows at least that the truth of the saying is not universally acknowledged. So intense was English sympathy with the people who once, in the early days of the Republics, stood at the head of European civilization, that it was almost a crime to have no faith in the power of Italians to "do for themselves." Italy was the promised land of untravelled Englishmen. The charm of her lakes and landscapes, the undoubted genius and gentleness of her people, at least in the parts generally visited, the halo of romance thrown round her by our poets, and, above all, the certainty that she was ruled by foreigners and longed to gain her liberty, all combined to invest her name with sacredness. When Cavour and the Emperor Napoleon came to her aid, and, one by one, the fair provinces were wrested from alien hands, successive bursts of acclamation greeted each happy stroke of courage or good luck. The exploits of Garibaldi, too, helped to keep up the romantic character of the Italians. What Greece was formerly, Italy became later, in the eyes of Englishmen. But it is in the nature of poetic feeling to exhaust itself, at least if no fresh food be given to it. Practical men may pity unavoidable helplessness. They cannot forgive unhelpfulness springing from want of energy. It is quite time for the lovers of Italy to cease petting and spoiling her. Her weaknesses and faults are now so abundant that her best friends hardly know how to palliate them. But why palliate them at all? Why not rather hold them up before her eyes and try to shame her out of them? It is not a Rogers or a Byron that can now be of use to recall her charms to mind, but a Dante to rouse and purify her. It will be well if the crowds of admirers who are now spending their leisure time on the shores of Como or in the palaces and galleries of Venice and Florence, would try to regard Italy as a young country, and speak freely their opinions as to her faults, her duties, and her responsibilities. For it must be owned with sorrow that the Italian people have failed to act as free men. We do not reproach them with past subservience to France. They gained far more in 1859 than they have lost since by the alliance. A strip of mountainous country was little enough to pay for Lombardy, Sicily, Naples, and finally Venetia. If they lost heart when there was a chance of seizing Rome once for all, they may fairly say that the risk was too great. But they have slavishly copied the worst institutions of Imperial government, while lacking the vigour which alone can excuse them.

Nowhere in Europe are more regulations made to hamper the traveller in his self-government. All the officialism of France (it is gradually disappearing in Austria) prevails at railway stations, and fresh sources of annoyance have been found. The notes of some provinces will not pass current at the ticket-offices in others, and not only is change refused for small notes, but, no matter what the circumstances, you are not permitted thankfully to sacrifice the small change for the sake of saving time. You cannot carry the cigars of Venice or Milan to Genoa, nor the productions or importations of Genoa to Milan. Such a series of restrictions is laid upon the traveller that he needs more than ordinary coolness to restrain his irritation. In France and Austria the tobacco monopoly gives at least the power of buying foreign produce—Havannah cigars for example—at the price put upon them by the Government, with a certainty that they are genuine. In Italy they are not to be had, except smuggled, for any price. You enter the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and jot down notes on the pictures in your pocket-book. "Where is your permission to copy?" is suddenly said in your startled ear. "I am not copying, only making rough notes as I walk." "Never mind, it is forbidden." Everywhere one finds the same story of restriction from harmless actions, by authority. And the strangest part of it all is that, while the people and the stranger are forbidden to travel or to buy freely, they are only "prayed" to restrain themselves from public indecency, as the inscriptions that meet the offended eye of an Englishman or Englishwoman at every corner of Venice may testify. Turin and the other great towns of the old Piedmont are moderately clean, but throughout all the rest of Italy the streets are befouled in a fashion fitter for monkeys than for men. Nor is the dirt merely external. There has been some controversy lately as to the morality of Italy, and various statistics have been raked together to prove the views of one side or the other. We are not careful to ascertain the amount of veneration possessed by the people of Italy for the laws of marriage, nor to calculate accurately the percentage of illegitimate children. There are communities existing, in America for instance, where quite other rules are laid down to guide the relations between the sexes than those which prevail in England, and yet those communities are healthy and flourishing. But there are deeper depths of infamy than can be named here, corruptions copied from old Pompei, which degrade mankind body and soul, and lower the whole vital force of a nation. And these are destroyers all the more subtle because they do not appear in the statistics of morality, nor are taken cognizance of by the public press. Should any young Englishman think these strictures too severe, we can only recommend him to dine with a party of young men in one of the great cities, say Venice for choice, and he shall hear such discourse as shall startle him. If it be true—and who doubts it?—that sensuality weakens mind and body, we are at no loss to discover whence springs a great part of the laziness of the Italian upper and middle classes.

The one ruling idea of the "educated" classes appears to be that a place must somehow be got for them—not a brilliant position, nor one involving hard work, but such an appointment as shall just suffice to keep them in idleness, with a pretence at work. Even those who profess to long for a career, and who curse the country, the fates, everything but their own want of energy, because the career won't make itself for them, are entirely disengaged to leave the paternal roof and fight for themselves, like Englishmen or Germans. These helpless ducklings lack the vigour to leave the parental wing and swim for themselves. They even caress their weakness, and, with soft eyes half suffused with tears, call it patriotism. And no wonder, when we consider the nature of their training, taking the Report of the Council of Public Instruction upon the schools and universities in 1865. There are many schools, even an excessive number of them, but the professors and teachers are ill-paid and frequently idle. The secondary schools teach little, and that little badly, yet the scholars pass the university examinations. How is this? Let the Report answer for itself. "Because," we quote Mr. Arnold's translation, "the Government delegates who inquired into their examinations, and had not only the registers but the candidates' papers before them, could not but come to the conclusion that the examinations were nothing but a pure form, so great was the laxity used in passing one and all of the candidates." "The laxity"—no word could be better chosen to express the state of mind and body in which the Italians as a nation indulge. From the incontinent prince who bargains with his bride about the future status of his mistresses; through the ministers who hesitate from fear of offending a patron on one side or the people on the other; through the slothful generals who, driven behind the Mincio, were content to stay there and watch an army of one-third their own numbers; through the idle officials whose ambition soars no higher than macaroni and fifty pounds a year, so only that their work be in proportion; down to the labourer who scrapes the ground feebly with his spade, or raises his pickaxe head high, content to let it fall on the rock with little more force than that derived from its own weight—there is a laxity, a looseness, a flabbiness of physical, mental, and moral fibre that speaks ill for success in any scheme till the muscles have been hardened by exercise, and the brain (quick enough when roused) has been trained by severe discipline. Look at the shows that the people delight in, listen to the kind of music they love, and you will find a whole crowd standing in the grand old amphitheatre at Verona lost in profound admiration at the fizzing of a few miserable rockets, the prolonged Oh-h-h which greets each separate explosion being clearly but a proof of incontinence of speech. You will find the military bands execrable, the works of

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the great masters of music displaced to make room for pieces imitating the voices of animals, or the puff and whistle of railway trains, and nothing more popular than simulated battles or sieges, in which the excitement is obtained by the explosion of children's penny crackers struck by the baton of the conductor.

The same laxity is to be found in the army and navy, both as regards administration and personal vigour. The generals who took upon themselves the task of leading divisions or brigades against the Austrian army of the Quadrilateral had surely known long enough what part of the world they were to fight in. Yet they were often without maps, and knew neither the direction of the roads, nor the names of streams, nor where bridges were to be found. Persano has been made a scapegoat for the fleet at Lissa, but those who were well-informed, and who even saw the battle, describe the conduct of most of the Italian ships as slovenly in the extreme, not only collectively but individually. And now, instead of devoting their energies to raising the tone of the fleet, they are spending forty millions of francs upon a new dockyard at Spezia, and upon fortifying the bay, though a French army landed on many an undefended spot could march upon the town and seize or bombard the docks without difficulty. An officer of thirty-five years old thinks it no shame to call the parapet of an earthwork too difficult to be scaled without a ladder, though indeed there is long grass enough now, and many a ruinous place, in the once smooth and well-kept slopes bequeathed to Italy by Austria in a state which chuckling Italians describe as "like ivory."

A few weeks ago an English statesman, well acquainted with Italian affairs, was asked, "Do you think the Italians will become a great nation?" The answer was, "I do not see why they should not." "But do you consider that they are in the right way?" "That is another affair. No, I cannot say that I do." This is the key on which the friends of Italy should now harp. Schools are very good things, but if the masters are slothful or corrupt, what avail the four walls to the student? Freedom is another good, but it may exist only in name. Men may be slaves to their own laws—are too often so to their own vices. The Italians have many noble qualities. They hear of them often enough, and are never tired of expatiating upon them both at home and abroad. They have the sympathy of England, and the example of her old struggles for liberty and her newer ones for light. We have our favourite sins, no doubt, but we are moderately honest and cleanly. Italy will find it more to her advantage to practise these two virtues than to push the laxity of her laws to the extent of abolishing capital punishment from a mere sentimental way of looking at crime.

THE LAST OF MADAME RACHEL.

YES! we admit it to the full. We were thoroughly wrong. We anticipated—indeed we assumed—an acquittal for the notorious vendor of the Sahara Water; and we almost feared that the purveyor of roses and lilies and youth would, by a natural reaction and revulsion of popular feeling, be elevated into a sort of dirty martyr. But, like other prophets, from Turf prophets upwards, we have come to confusion and shame. Our article of last week on Madame Rachel was a decided misadventure; not the first prophecy which has been falsified, to be sure; but it was falsified in the most complete and crushing way. So all that we have to do is, like the Harkaways and racing soothsayers, to get out of it as we can, and, not without humiliation, prove that we ought to have been right, and that facts—confound them!—are wrong. Mrs. Levison was a wonder; Mrs. Borradaile was a stranger wonder; but—Commissioner Kerr! We must say, then, that we did not fully realize Mr. Commissioner Kerr. We thought that we knew pretty well what an English judge could not help being. We gave the presiding Minos of the Old Bailey credit for coming up to the average and staple quality of criminal judges. We knew that he had experience. To be sure, if we had thought about it, we might have recalled certain whiffs and suspicions about Mr. Commissioner Kerr which perhaps would not, if carefully thought about, induce one to place him in the very first rank of judges. We might have remembered that he was always getting into squabbles of some sort with the Court of Common Council about some puerile matters of etiquette and titles and making official seals; and it might have occurred to us—indeed it did—that some of the City people wanted to get rid of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, and talked of memorializing the higher powers on sundry of his offences, real or supposed, against the authority of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City. But then it was conceivable that such a state of things might really redound to the Commissioner's credit. To be at feud with the London Corporation is not necessarily a discredit to any man. So we had no very substantial reason for distrusting antecedently Commissioner Kerr's judgelike qualifications. And then we could not forget that Commissioner Kerr had, in the second Rachel trial, only to follow a very distinguished judge, the Recorder. The trial over which the Commissioner presided was substantially the same as that over which the Recorder had presided. And the Recorder had expressed his opinion on the case in very unmistakeable language. He had summed up, as the phrase is, dead against the conviction of Mrs. Levison. As on the one hand there was nothing, or not much, against Commissioner Kerr, so there was on the other hand nothing in his general judicial career to lead one to suppose that he was more wise, more

discriminating, more skilled in law, more blessed with intellectual vigour, or more acquainted with the proprieties which we have a right to expect from a judge than Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London. So that, on the whole, the Recorder having pronounced very distinctly one way, there was every reason to suppose that the Commissioner would not pronounce in exactly the opposite way.

But this shows that we did not know our man. We had not anticipated the like of Mr. Commissioner Kerr. There are, of course, minds so peculiarly constituted that the only way in which they can display their originality and impartiality is by contradicting other folk. They want to show that they are not servile imitators; and the more distinguished the names are which they have to follow, the more necessary they feel it to be to make a display of independence. We do not positively assert that Commissioner Kerr charged the jury one way simply and only because Recorder Gurney had charged another way. But we can quite understand that, with the Recorder's charge before him, the Commissioner looked out for some novelty or paradox, some very original view, some altogether startling theory about the Rachel-Borradaile case, which might, when presented to the jury and an admiring public, arrest all attention by its wonderful subtlety and acuteness. At any rate, nothing else can account for the Commissioner's most remarkable charge. If he wished to cap a sensational farce by a most sensational epilogue, he is certainly to be congratulated. We have no doubt that the Commissioner astonished himself. We have often known people who are perfectly amazed at their own cleverness; and we can assure Mr. Kerr that he has thoroughly astonished everybody else; and if his object was to show that he and the Recorder were judges of totally different kinds, and took altogether dissimilar views both of the law and of their duties in administering the law, Mr. Commissioner Kerr has entirely succeeded.

What we, and what the Recorder, could not get over was Mrs. Borradaile's letters admitted to be written to "dear William." Here was the *jugulum causa*. The Recorder said distinctly that he could not accept Mrs. Borradaile's account of the existence of these letters, and her theory about them. It was to the Recorder perfectly incredible that Mrs. Borradaile wrote these letters under the belief that they were addressed to Lord Ranelagh, and with the certain knowledge that "dear William" was a mere creature of Mrs. Levison's airy and ready imagination. The Recorder could not for a moment listen to the nonsense announced by Mrs. Borradaile, that she wrote those things not knowing what she wrote—inspired only by witchery, scribbling under glamour, drugged by weird spells, whisky, hashish, or opium. Mrs. Borradaile never pretended to say that she did not write the letters; on neither trial did she distinctly, or even indistinctly, challenge any one of them as a forgery. With this single consideration the trial ought to have ended. The charge before the Court was not simply that Levison had got hold of Mrs. Borradaile's money, about which there is and was little doubt, but specifically that Levison had got hold of it in a particular way. This particular way—namely, that in certain letters, composed and dictated by Mrs. Levison, Mrs. Borradaile really believed she was writing to Lord Ranelagh—was, in the Recorder's judgment, not only not proved, but very distinctly disproved. No conviction could therefore follow, because the evidence of the prosecutrix had broken down.

Such was the Recorder's conclusion, but he could not get a British jury, or at least all of them, to accept his view. Such was not the Commissioner's conclusion, and he did get a British jury, one and all of them, to accept his view. That view is certainly the most marvellous view that man—we say nothing now of lawyer and judge—can take. Letters—a whole series of them, twenty or more—are before the Court; and the Judge says, "It is only waste of time to go through all this mass of letters—one letter is as good as a dozen." Yet the whole value and significance of the letters lay in their cumulative force; it was that they formed a correspondence, had an historical and actual sequence, pointed to a life; that they were a dozen, and more than a dozen, was what gave them their importance. If there had been only a single letter it was just possible that Mrs. Borradaile's account of it might be true; she wrote it when mazed, drunk, stupid, or bewitched. Possible this with one letter; hardly possible with more than a score of letters. Therefore, when Commissioner Kerr says that one letter is as good as a dozen, he must mean that twelve is not a larger cypher than unity; and when a man says this, why there is no occasion to say what is to be thought of him. However, having selected his one letter, "which is as good as a dozen," the Commissioner detects in it what he calls a current of conscious humour, and therefore infers that it might have been written by Mrs. Borradaile under the belief that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh. Because one single selected letter might have had a certain origin, therefore two dozen must have had the same origin. But this is not all; a current of conscious humour plays through this particular letter. We should like to be told in what the humour consists, and, if it is humorous, how it is shown that the humour of it proves that Lord Ranelagh was in the writer's mind, and that dear William was a mere myth. We have read over and over again this selected epistle, and can find no humour, conscious or unconscious, in it. But Commissioner Kerr's sense of the humorous, like his sense generally, is not, we admit, as our senses are. And we must make allowances for especial skill in detecting latent fun. But the Commissioner not only distinguished himself by his keen scent for humour, but by using

his office—well, let us say, as the judicial office was wont to be used in those old Tudor and Stuart times, and as it is now used in France. We are not accustomed to see a judge produce evidence of his own—especially what the judge thinks to be evidence against the prisoner—and, as it were, spring a mine on the prisoner, when he or she has no opportunity of meeting it or contradicting it, and scarcely of estimating it. This, however, is what Mr. Commissioner Kerr thought proper to do, and he, ordering the assistance of the Under-Sheriff, discovers that Mrs. Borradale and Mrs. Levison used letter-paper with the same water-mark; and then, with a precipitate leap, he concludes that the letters must have been dictated by Mrs. Levison, because Mrs. Levison, in her ordinary correspondence, used paper made by the same maker, Joynson. It turns out that there is probably not a person in London who does not use, or receive letters written on, paper of this very Joynson. On turning over our own correspondence for the last week we find at least seven or eight of our correspondents using this Joynson paper; and we use it, and have long used it, ourselves. The fact, such as it is, will not bear a moment's investigation, and absolutely crumbles to dust on being handled. But it did its work. It thoroughly imposed on the jury; and Commissioner Kerr got his verdict. We use this phrase because, as he only acted in his charge as counsel for the prosecution, there is no other word to describe the matter.

As to the jury, we make all allowances for them. The Commissioner—that is, the Judge-Advocate in another than the usual sense of the word—had started his new theory, and clinched it with his novel evidence. And all this had its effect on the jury. They simply wanted an excuse for convicting Levison. And so far we sympathize with them. If English law is only to be a little better sort of Lynch law, where what is called substantial justice is done to the utter disregard of the musty pedantic safeguards of mere legal justice, well and good. Levison has got what she richly deserves, only in our minds she is punished for a crime of which there was no legal proof. Barring that mere trifle, it is all right enough. Five years—or, for the matter of that, fifteen or fifty years—of penal servitude is not an extravagant punishment for her offences against society. That Levison got Mrs. Borradale's money, and got it in the most nefarious way, though not in the particular way which was charged against her; that she lent herself to a vile and scandalous intrigue; that she got hold of, and kept, though she did not write, the "dear William" letters for the most flagitious purposes; that her whole life and profession is one of unspeakable offence and immorality, we make no doubt. Further, we say that if, as we certainly think, Levison's own account of the Borradale affair is substantially true, then she has, so far as morality is concerned, committed even a greater crime than that of which she is convicted on the theory accepted by the jury, that Mrs. Borradale's account is true. In other words, we believe that Levison is convicted of an offence which she did not commit, while she herself pleads guilty to a much greater offence which she rather boasts that she did commit, and which we quite believe that she did commit. So it comes to this, that all the world very properly rejoice that this infamous woman has at last got a just punishment for her generally wicked life and evil behaviour; but some of us must be permitted to demur to the means by which this result, desirable enough in itself, has been gained.

THE TOMB OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

THERE used to be a story about an Oxford prize-poem, a successful one we rather think, which was said to contain this line—

No empty cenotaphs their bones enshrine.

An objector might raise several cavils against this passage. It might be said that, as it is in the nature of a cenotaph to be empty, as emptiness is directly implied in the Greek etymology of the word, it was needless to couple the adjective "empty" with the substantive "cenotaph." Again, as no cenotaph ever did, or could, enshrine any one's bones, as the fact of enshrining bones or anything else would at once make it cease to be a cenotaph, it might seem needless to say of one class of people more than another that their bones were not enshrined in empty cenotaphs. It is certain that no one, of whatever age, sex, rank, country, or religion, ever had his or her bones enshrined in an empty cenotaph. We give these objections their due weight; yet we have always thought the line, if not strictly logical, yet somehow very forcible. There are a good many passages in the Greek poets, where the expressions are not exactly correct, but where they are all the more effective for not being exactly correct. So it is with the poet of the cenotaphs. His verse, however inaccurately, yet most forcibly, sets forth the fact of the great number of famous men of whom it may be emphatically said that—we cannot do better than quote the line again—

No empty cenotaphs their bones enshrine.

The complaint is in spirit the same as that of Hadrian over the Great Pompeius—

τῷ ναῷ βρίσκοντι πόση σπάνις ἐπλεγο τίμιον.

It contains moreover, we cannot help thinking, a lurking protest against the Westminster fashion of sticking up images of people who are not there. The nearest conceivable approach to having one's bones enshrined in an empty cenotaph surely is when an

empty cenotaph is set up to enshrine one's memory and to delude the unwary into the belief that it enshrines one's bones also. Would it be too much to say that in such a case the bones are, not indeed physically or objectively, but subjectively, or to the mind of the visitor who has paid his sixpence, truly enshrined in the empty cenotaph? But our poet no doubt spoke of a class whose bones cannot boast of even this subjective enshrinement. He mourns over those worthies whose bones never were enshrined at all, or else have been thrust out of the tombs in which they once were enshrined. In this last case the line has a peculiar propriety. The tombs which once did enshrine their bones enshrine them no longer, and are thus reduced to the rank and condition of empty cenotaphs. Thus there is an empty cenotaph in the choir of Saint Stephen's at Caen which emphatically does not enshrine the bones of William the Conqueror. In these cases the cenotaph is at least in being, but the proposition is equally true where not so much as a cenotaph is left to the departed worthy. The empty cenotaph, so far from enshrining his bones, is not even to be found in *rum natura*. And this last class, so it happens, takes in most of the greatest kings and heroes of our early history. One of the effects of the Blessed Reformation—that is, if Lord Bury be right in placing the Blessed Reformation under Henry the Eighth—was a most practical protest against one practice of the Scribes and Pharisees. Whatever King Harry and his fellow-Reformers did, they cannot be charged with the hypocrisy of building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous. Speaking roughly, the tombs of all our most illustrious kings, heroes, and saints, with the exception of those who had found a shelter within the walls of Westminster, were swept away from the earth, and the bones of their occupants scattered to the winds. And we must remember how narrowly the Westminster tombs themselves escaped the same fate, how near the reign of the Blessed and Innocent Prince came to being signalized by the utter destruction of the whole fabric of Saint Peter's. That any Englishman, or indeed any human being, could have ever wished to pull down Westminster Abbey sounds to us incredible, but it is good that we should remember that such a portent did exist in the person of Edward Duke of Somerset, the Blessed uncle of the Blessed and Innocent Prince. Elsewhere we may say, as a general rule, that the tombs of heroes and patriots, of lawgivers and deliverers, have vanished from the earth, while the tombs of the worthless, the cowardly, and the tyrannical abide to this day. Waltham, Crowland, Evesham, retain no memorial of their local heroes. The royal company which surrounded the high altar of Glastonbury perished by the same hand which longed to consign the royal company of Westminster to the like fate. It is not a hundred years since the magistrates of Hampshire, with a care for the pockets of the ratepayers which no Financial Board could surpass, dug up the bones of Alfred and sold his lead coffin for a sum not exceeding two guineas. Athelstan, indeed, if the local tradition may be trusted, still abides, not indeed in his own place, but still within the walls of his own church of Malmesbury. And in the lowlier minster of Wimborne a memorial of later date still at least professes to record the resting-place of the earlier and nobler Athelred. But these two stand wellnigh alone, and a slight degree of certainty attaches to both. On the other hand, while Henry, in whose days one man dared not wrong another, has perished in the ruins of Reading, his brother Robert, who cared not to chastise the enemies of peace, still abides in somewhat of honour among the massive aisles of Gloucester. The same minster still shelters also that unworthy Edward on whose deeds it is not good that history should dwell. And, highest in the scale of unworthiness, by merit raised to that bad eminence, the tomb of John holds, or at least lately held, a place of higher honour still in the minster of Saint Wulstan.

Thus far it is manifest that the tombs of the righteous have long crumbled away, while the tombs of the wicked still remain in the high places of the sanctuary. The explanation of the fact is to be found in the accident that the ordinary burying-places of illustrious men were in the great abbeys of the land, and that those great abbeys have mostly perished. Westminster and Gloucester were saved by their conversion into cathedral churches. John alone, of all the princes whom we have mentioned, chose for his burying-place a church which was cathedral at the time. To him we may add that famous Edward who sleeps at Canterbury, whom the remembrance of the massacre of Limoges might tempt us to add to one class, while the remembrance of the Good Parliament may perhaps win him a place in the worthier company. But one church remains, one resting-place of kings and heroes, hardly less illustrious than Westminster itself. The Old Minster of Winchester has had a special destiny of its own in these matters. Along with a large company of our earliest and noblest worthies, it has surpassed the fame of Worcester itself by receiving the remains of the one King who can claim to have been wickeder than John himself.

Sordida fædatur, fædante Johanne, gehenna;

yet John himself did not pass out of the world in the midst of such a unanimous chorus of execration as William the Red. And the tomb of William the Red remains, unless it has been moved within the last week or two, a conspicuous object in the presbytery of Winchester Cathedral. And to make the application of our law still more striking, whereas it had long been believed that the tomb was no other than an empty cenotaph, it has lately been found out that the tyrant's bones were really enshrined within that simple *dos d'âne* on the pavement. Up to

that time it had been thought that he had been translated to a place among his betters; but no, the law could not be broken in the most special case of all, and the bones of the prince who pre-eminently loved darkness rather than light, of him in whose days—as just now in France in another way—“lucernarum usus est intermissus,” could not be scattered about along with the bones of Eadred and Cnut. To be sure the place to which the Winchester worthies have been translated is about the strangest in Christendom. Bishop Henry of Blois, the famous brother of King Stephen, and Bishop Fox, the famous minister of Henry the Eighth, have between them gathered the royal remains into six chests, which Fox at last exalted over the screens which surround the presbytery. The story always was that the soldiers of the Commonwealth broke open the chests and scattered about the bones, and that after being inextricably confused, they were again restored to their chests, but without any means of knowing whether the right bones had got back into the right chests. It was always thought that the bones of the Red King had got jumbled among the others, and it is a great comfort to know that he is safe by himself.

William Rufus then has been at last found, and people have had the privilege of seeing and handling him, as another generation had the privilege of seeing and handling John. It is curious to see the sort of interest which this kind of discovery always awakens, even in people who care nothing for historical or antiquarian subjects in general. There must be an inherent tendency to relic-worship in the human breast, when people rush with such ardour to see—and, if possible, to carry off—some bit of a dead man, even though he be much less famous or infamous than William the Red. Last year, when the Archaeological Institute visited Selby Abbey, natives and strangers alike were all agog about one of the early Abbots or Priors, who had been found quietly resting in his grave, and the “discovery” seemed to arouse far more interest than anything else in the building. To take a higher flight, what thought could be more overwhelming than to stand beneath the mighty dome of Aachen, and to believe that the stone which bears the legend “Karolus Magnus” was other than an empty cenotaph? But alas the great Emperor has been cut limb from limb, and limb by limb, he may still be reverenced and handled. It is sometimes superstition, sometimes scientific object, sometimes mere curiosity, sometimes, one would fancy, sheer love of pillage, which makes people of all sorts rush to the disentombment, not only of a king, but of almost anybody. No god or saint of any mythology is more truly popular than the Ζεὺς τρυπανόχοος of the Frogs.

There is no doubt that William Rufus was at first buried in the choir, under the central tower, “Infra ambitum turris,” says William of Malmesbury. Thomas Rudborne, the Winchester historian, quotes Matthew Paris as putting the place of his burial “in medio chori.” In a Norman minster the two descriptions of course mean the same thing. Professor Willis remarks that, in the printed editions of Matthew Paris, the words “in medio chori” do not occur. Nor do they, either in the old Zürich edition of 1589, nor in that of Wats, which the Professor most likely had at hand. But they do occur in the new Matthew Paris just published by Sir Frederick Madden, so that we see what text it was that Thomas Rudborne used. A few years after the burial of William the tower fell down. Popular belief said that this was because so wicked a man had been buried under it, a point on which the speculations both of William of Malmesbury and of Thomas Rudborne are worth turning to. Now the tomb lies a little east of the tower, just within the presbytery. This translation, we have been lately told, was made at the Reformation (whenever that was), and it is supposed to have had something to do with the introduction of a “simpler worship.” It is far more likely that it took place at the rebuilding of the tower. And the cry now is to move it again somewhere or other. We are told that its place is inconvenient, as being in a part of the church which during divine service is specially thronged. Now it stands in the part of the church which of all others ought to be specially empty, and the inconvenience can arise only from the modern absurdity of ramming, jamming, cramping whole congregations into the choir and presbytery. We may, with his contemporaries, wonder how so wicked a man got into so holy a place. But there he is, and the prescription of seven hundred and fifty years goes for something. Bad as Rufus was, let him have the same grace as the lying prophet of Bethel, who, like Rufus, found better company in the grave than he deserved: “Let him alone; let no man move his bones.”

THE JOINT-STOCK PRAYER COMPANY.

THE Council of the Evangelical Alliance ought to offer a prize for a machine for praying by steam. It shows extreme poverty of invention to depend for a grand effect upon mere numbers, and we should have expected before now to see economy of labour introduced into this branch of industry as well as others. It is true that the business of prayer-meetings is mostly carried on by women who have little else to do; and we suggest, as a satisfactory arrangement of the question about female suffrage, that the men should go the poll and vote, while the women stay at home and pray that the elections may be directed in the right way.

If we were to describe the office of the Alliance in a familiar way, we should say that it is a place where prayers of all kinds and of any degree of power are kept constantly on hand. We

gather from the last Annual Report of the Alliance that during the year 1867 it prayed for the Emperor of the French, for the Emperor of Russia, and for the Turkish Sultan. The last-named potentate had the praying-apparatus applied for his exclusive benefit, and was not prayed for, as he sometimes is, in the lump along with Jews, infidels, and heretics. The Alliance, it need not be said, was too discreet to pray for the Sultan's conversion under his very nose, so it contented itself with asking in a general way for the best blessings which can be conferred on Sovereigns. There seems to be no reason why, if France and Prussia went to war, the Alliance should not pray for the Sovereigns of both countries at the same time. It might, and probably would, pray that the righteous cause might win; and, indeed, that is exactly what the Alliance proposes to do in reference to the internal conflict which will shortly rage in England. There can of course be no objection to praying that electors may not get drunk, and may not break one another's heads, although we should ourselves prefer the practical measure of cutting off the supplies of beer and bludgeons. But when it comes to praying in a vague way that electors may choose fit members, and that those members may pass good laws, the wonder is that a room full of people could be collected for such a spiritless proceeding. We shall be able to estimate the progress of modern civilization if we look back to the year 1642, and consider whether an Evangelical Alliance would have been possible in the midst of the fierce conflict which then broke out between King and Parliament. Let us imagine a few clergymen of the Establishment meeting a few Presbyterian and Independent ministers on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor, and praying that the right side might win. In that day an attempt to proceed on the principle of the Alliance would have called forth indignant denunciation of those who were lukewarm and were neither hot nor cold. From many a pulpit would have been thundered forth the text, “Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof.” But it has been reserved for our enlightened age to contrive a religious association which “stands apart from ecclesiastical and political questions,” and is able to invite Christians of all varieties of opinion “with one accord to make common supplication” at a juncture of national affairs. Certainly this neutrality of the Evangelical Alliance is a remarkable product of our time. The leaders of the body are either Evangelical Churchmen or Dissenters. Some of these leaders probably hold strong opinions, one way or the other, as to the Irish Church. But by a judicious compromise it was made possible for several ministers successively to “engage in prayer” without any reference to the Irish Church, except a petition that it might be “kept in peace”—whatever that may mean.

Many curious questions present themselves to the mind of the inexperienced visitor to a prayer-meeting. It is probably by way of imitation of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle that these solemnities are performed in places utterly uncongenial to anything like religious feeling. It has pleased the architect of the Freemasons' Hall to adorn its walls with a wonderful female figure driving a chariot-and-four along the body and face of an old gentleman, who looks as if he rather liked being ridden roughshod over in this style. It may be conjectured that the old gentleman represents a sea or river, and perhaps the female figure represents the Evangelical Alliance going to the Paris Exhibition to pray for the Emperor of the French and the members of his Government. Beneath this allegorical group, whatever be its meaning, sits Lord Ebury presiding over a prayer-meeting. The proceedings are oddly compounded of the ordinary public meeting and a religious service. The reporters seem to be busy in the usual way, but one does not exactly understand how they can be useful, unless indeed the *Record* is taken in heaven. The ordinary penny-a-liners must have a hard time of it under circumstances with which they are not quite so familiar as with the sayings of the Great Vance. The *Telegraph* reporter, for example, selected as the most bewildering sentiment uttered at this prayer-meeting, and the most difficult of comprehension, “that Moses should prefer reproach for Christ's sake rather than accept the luxury of riches.” What is the Bible Society about that it does not forward to “the greatest-circulation-in-the-world” journal some hint about the text—“Moses . . . by faith esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt”? But besides these illusid reporters, who look like fish out of water, there are many ladies, who look like other fish sporting in the sunshine and congenial waters; some of them are young, and a few of them are pretty. The person who engages in prayer stands up as if making an ordinary speech, but it seems to be the correct thing to shut the eyes. The prayers asked for everything that could be asked, consistently with the programme of the Alliance, except the enlightenment of revising barristers, which might perhaps have advantageously found a place in the petitions. One could not help suspecting that some of the petitioners, when they approached the confines of the subject of the Irish Church, felt like a certain minister when he was endeavouring to conclude his exercise without the usual prayer to be delivered from Popery, Prelacy, and Perverse of the Peak. But, however, they came handsomely through their work. Besides the prayers, there were addresses, which appear to differ from sermons in this respect, that the speaker looks openly instead of furtively at his watch, in order to avoid exceeding the allotted time. Another difference is that, having regard to the solemn character of the proceedings, it is considered indecorous to call common worldly things by their usual names. Thus

Lord Ebury was about to refer in plain words to an article in the *Times*, but he checked himself, and adopted a circumlocution. There were also hymns and readings of Scripture. But the principal business of the meeting was praying. If we were required to characterise the proceedings in a single sentence, we should be obliged to borrow the coarse but expressive language of a Texan ranger, who was once taken to a meeting for religious exercises, and was asked what he thought of the principal performer. He answered, "He warn't so great at preaching, but he prayed like a son of a —." It must be understood that in Texas this comparison to the progeny of an unmentionable animal has been strangely adopted to express the highest possible perfection. There is something indescribably ludicrous, until one gets used to it, in hearing a chairman call on the Reverend Mr. Buggins to engage in prayer. One thought more grave than ludicrous is that, if the Reverend Mr. Buggins should not think proper to leave off praying, there are no obvious means of checking the torrent of impassioned eloquence. To borrow a phrase from the lawyers, the proceeding is *res inter alios acta*. The meeting, and even the chairman, are mere outsiders, who have nothing whatever to do with what passes between Buggins and that heaven which is above the roof of the Freemasons' Hall. But if it were not that unctuous and fervour were almost excluded by the neutral character of the Alliance, the reverend performers would very soon get up their oratorical steam. Of course they would indignantly repudiate anything approaching to competition for the palm of eloquence; but nevertheless profane listeners might fall into the mistake of supposing that they were praying, not so much to heaven as against one another, and might be tempted to offer to bet 2 to 1 on Buggins.

A document called the "Basis" of the Alliance states that "the parties" composing it are to be such as hold Evangelical views. There might have been observed in the Freemasons' Hall more than one young "party" in a fashionable bonnet who was doubtless properly qualified for membership. The male "parties," as usual at midday meetings, were scarce, and they seemed for the most part to belong to that class of men who have a good deal of time for prayer. Indeed, if the business of the Alliance is "to circle the earth with simultaneous prayer," we do not see any limit to the extent to which this business might be carried on, except that it would be necessary to invent something definite to pray for. The proceedings began at eleven and ended before one, so as to occupy no more than a convenient interval between breakfast and luncheon. It was not thus that Puritans and Covenanters wrestled and strove with heaven in the days when sects were young. They began to preach and pray with the first glimmer of dawn, and continued to preach and pray until all was blue. Even among Pagans the same idea prevailed that their gods were to be propitiated by early and late and constant liturgies. "Cry aloud," said the prophet to the priests of Baal; "perhaps he is on a journey, or he sleepeth." In our time it is the worshippers whose engagements have to be considered in arranging for "exhibiting," as a doctor might say, the effectual fervent prayers of righteous men. By a grotesque application of a popular hymn, the door of Freemasons' Hall may be called the Gate of Heaven, but it is a gate at which nobody knocks before eleven A.M. Lord Ebury himself has the very look of an orderly, respectable gentleman who gets up at eight, and, after shaving and family prayer, takes breakfast at nine, so as to be ready to serve his country and keep an engagement with Stiggins in Great Queen Street punctually at eleven o'clock. Of course, by the establishment of what may be called a joint-stock prayer company, a vast aggregate result may be produced without any inconvenient stress upon individual energy. And this we take to be the object of the organization which calls itself the Evangelical Alliance. We cannot, of course, undertake to say whether it has produced the desired effect on the counsels of the Almighty, but we are very sure that it deserved the place which the French Emperor sagaciously accorded to it among other curiosities at the Paris Universal Exhibition. It is only a pity that Mr. Cole C.B. was not employed to organize a system of competition at prayer-meetings, and to frame rules for the guidance of a jury in awarding prizes.

ADMIRALTY WASTE.—ANCHORS.

WHEN the Report of the Committee on Admiralty Monies and Accounts was printed without the accompanying evidence, we called attention to the very singular course which the Committee had taken, and to the inference, which appeared tolerably plain on the face of the Report and the proceedings, that Mr. Seely had distinctly established his charges of extravagance against the Board. A blue-book of 635 pages has since appeared containing the evidence taken by the Committee, and what rested to some extent on inference before is now matter of conclusive demonstration. Before referring to any details, it will be convenient briefly to recapitulate our former explanation of the proceedings of the Committee.

At a meeting attended by eleven members of the Committee, six voted in favour of substituting for Mr. Seely's draft report a counter-draft prepared by Mr. Childers, which was wholly silent as to the main question whether the Admiralty had or had not been guilty of the extravagance with which they were charged. Two questions were submitted to the Committee—the first as to the application of monies voted for the use of the Admiralty, and the second as to the best form of Admiralty accounts. There

was no serious difference of opinion on the question of accounts; but, on the grave charges of wasteful expenditure which led to the appointment of the Committee, Mr. Seely and four of his colleagues supported a report referring in detail to the evidence upon those subjects; the Secretary to the Admiralty brought forth his official draft, distorting and slurring over the facts, and pronouncing a sort of vague general acquittal, in which no other member of the Committee seems to have concurred; while Mr. Childers and the majority succeeded in evading their responsibilities by declining altogether to report on the main issue. In the first instance it was proposed to report on the accounts without even offering an apology for not treating of the subject to which nearly all the evidence was directed; but on second thoughts that was perhaps considered rather disrespectful to Parliament, and accordingly the following remarkable paragraph was added to the Report:—

The reference to your Committee directed them to inquire, not only as to the accounts of the department, but also [and the Committee might have said primarily] as to the application of monies voted by Parliament for the use of the Admiralty in the building, repairing, and equipment of ships. Your Committee have had before them much evidence on these subjects, and draft Reports have been proposed for their consideration by their Chairman and the Secretary to the Admiralty respectively; but considering the great difference of opinion which the evidence and the draft Reports disclose, and inasmuch as in the view of your Committee no imputations rest on the character of the officers of the Admiralty, they do not feel able at the present period of the Session to do more than report the evidence to the House.

The terms of this paragraph remind one forcibly of the vote-catching resolutions which have so often been brought forward to decide the fate of a Ministry. It does not allege that any substantial difference of opinion existed among the members of the Committee generally, or that any one except the official representative of the accused Board questioned the correctness of Mr. Seely's charges. It alleges a difference of opinion disclosed by the evidence, which was rather likely to appear, considering that Admiralty officials and their accusers were both examined; but it does not allege that on any one of the many grave accusations which were inquired into, the balance of evidence left a shadow of doubt. The published evidence fully explains the ambiguous Report. It is so clear and conclusive against the Admiralty as to leave only one possible interpretation of the course taken by Mr. Childers and the majority. They knew that to discuss the evidence would be to pronounce a verdict of guilty, and they thought it better to bury the investigation in a huge blue-book (appropriately printed without an index) than to throw too bright a light upon Admiralty delinquencies.

In the compass of a single article it is impossible, however cursorily, to explain the character of the evidence on all the counts of Mr. Seely's indictment; but one may be taken as a specimen of the whole, and, as perhaps the least complicated of the questions raised, we may select the alleged waste on Admiralty anchors.

What Mr. Seely had stated was that, in the course of the last five-and-twenty years, the Board had spent upon anchors 170,000, more than the fair market value of the goods obtained, and further, that they had adhered to a pattern condemned by a Committee appointed in 1853, without giving a fair trial to any of the systems which that Committee found to be superior to that of the Admiralty.

This statement is confirmed to the letter by every word of the evidence which we can find on the subject. Let us first take the testimony on the question of price. In the appendix to the Report is given a return of all the anchors purchased by the Board in each year from 1841 to 1865, with the prices paid per cwt., from which it appears that the price of the smallest size (under 20 cwt.) varied from 25s. 5d. to 40s. per cwt., and of the heavy anchors (from 70 to 100 cwt.) from 56s. 11d. to 73s. per cwt. During the same years the prices of anchors in the market were also proved, the evidence of persons largely engaged in the trade being obtained, and the prices of actual transactions being given. Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Co. were stated on the evidence to be among the largest and most respectable anchor-makers in the country, and the prices at which they actually sold their anchors in the market during the years covered by the Admiralty return are all in evidence. They vary, for what we have called small anchors, from 16s. to 24s. per cwt., and for the heavy anchors from 29s. 6d. to 35s. 3d. It was stated, however, that an addition of from 2s. to 4s. per cwt. would be made in the charge to the Admiralty, in consequence of their insisting on two processes which necessitated extra expense and at the same time deteriorate the anchor. These are—first, a method of testing by heating the anchor red-hot, and then plunging it in water; and secondly, a process of cold hammering, which gives a pretty smoothness to the surface. Both of these whims have, according to the opinions of the witnesses, the effect of weakening the iron; but that is a minor blunder which we are not now discussing, and we mention it only to point out that, as explained by the witnesses themselves, a sum of from 2s. to 4s. per cwt. ought to be added to the market prices before comparing them with the official cost. But when this is done the result is to show an excess of cost of from 20 to 30 per cent. in the small, and from 60 to 80 per cent. in the large, anchors. We can discover no trace of any evidence that Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Co.'s price list was unusually low, or that their anchors were of inferior quality. On the contrary, Mr. Hingley, a rival manufacturer, pronounces the prices "very good prices," and describes Messrs. Hawks and Co. as first-rate makers. Mr. Parkes, another manufacturer,

speaks in the other the adequacy of since 1841, this firm or result of the Report, the figure of simple story the part of Blue Book singular and keeper-General. Mr. Dunn Co. had held and confirmed having been very remarkable other iron rapidly advanced while the states that applying to wise trans could have try. The had tried, more than pressed for assisted in the Russian war that this the Admiralty test work turned undisputed chosen, but they did all experienced, evidence the Committee on the subject given, the Committee market to be superior to that of the Admiralty. Even do more pregnant says, "paid more price. anchors can be taken any quality of but this 170,000 say so. On the and other or after judgment, fishes, Stopford, officers the real anchor except sufficient fact of ordered yacht, the V anchor of the Admiralty the Committee, univer-able wrong, theory to Trans-lation, has been they done, gular

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speaks in the same tone, and no attempt was made to question either the quality of Messrs. Hawks and Co.'s anchors, or the adequacy of their price list. On this basis a detailed calculation is made of the price at which the Admiralty anchors obtained since 1841, might have been purchased in the market, either of this firm or of a dozen or more others, each of which was proved to be capable of supplying the whole Admiralty demand. The result of the calculation, which is worked out in the Appendix to the Report, is to show a total excess of expenditure of 170,000*l.*, the figure originally given by Mr. Seely. This is a very plain and simple story, and it will be asked, what was the answer given on the part of the Admiralty? We have searched for it through the Blue Book in vain. All that we can discover is contained in the singular and very reticent testimony of Mr. Dundas, the Store-keeper-General.

Mr. Dundas stated the well-known fact that Brown, Lenox, and Co. had held the Admiralty anchor contracts from 1841 to 1867, and confirmed the accuracy of the prices we have referred to as having been paid by the Admiralty. He added, however, some very remarkable particulars. It appears that about the commencement of the Crimean war the market price of anchors and other iron goods rose considerably, and that the prices charged by Messrs. Brown, Lenox, and Co. rose with at least equal rapidity. It was at this period that Messrs. Hawks and Co. advanced their rate for small anchors from 16*s.* to 24*s.*, while the Admiralty price rose from 25*s.* 5*d.* to 40*s.* Mr. Dundas states that he submitted to this large increase in price without applying to any other maker, and that he thought this a decidedly wise transaction. He says he had no reason to suppose that he could have got the anchors he wanted elsewhere, and he did not try. The evidence now printed shows conclusively that, if he had tried, he not only could have got them, but would have saved more than 30 per cent. He does, however, suggest that he was pressed for time; but as the same course of never trying was persisted in for upwards of twenty years, it evidently was not attributable throughout to the wild hurry and confusion into which the Russian war plunged the then Board of Admiralty. We cannot find that this or any other official witness has attempted to suggest that the work of Messrs. Hawks and Co., after passing the Admiralty tests, would be found at all inferior to the no doubt excellent work turned out by Brown, Lenox, and Co. The result of the undisputed testimony is that the Admiralty might, if they had chosen, have purchased anchors of the identical quality which they did obtain, at a cost of 170,000*l.* less than the money actually expended. So far as the question of price and quality is concerned, what we have stated is the substance of the whole evidence; and it is impossible to believe that a single member of the Committee dissented from the Report proposed by Mr. Seely on the subject, stating, with a little more detail than we have given, the particulars of the evidence, and declaring the opinion of the Committee that the excess paid by the Admiralty beyond the market price had amounted to 170,000*l.*

Even Lord Henry Lennox, in his official draft, did not venture to do more than evade the question. His proposed paragraph is pregnant with the fullest admission of the charge. "Evidence," he says, "was given by some of the witnesses that the Admiralty had paid more for anchors and chain cables than the ordinary market price. It was, however, conclusively proved that the Admiralty anchors and chain cables were of a quality to which no exception can be taken, and your Committee are not prepared to recommend any change which would relieve the Admiralty from the responsibility of the due safety of Her Majesty's ships." Perhaps not, but this is surely no reason why the Committee, knowing that 170,000*l.* has been wasted in a particular way, should decline to say so.

On the question of the comparative merits of the Admiralty and other patterns of anchors, Mr. Seely has not, either before or after the present investigation, affected to pronounce a final judgment. What he did say, and what the evidence establishes, is, that after a Committee, of which Admiral Sir Montagu Stopford was Chairman, and which included among its members Admirals Hope and Mundy and many other experienced officers both of the navy and the mercantile marine, had reported the result of a careful trial to be that, of eight competing anchors, Trotman's was the best, and the Admiralty the worst, except one American specimen, the Board had not given any sufficiently careful trial to Trotman's and other systems. The fact comes out now that only five Trotmans have been ordered, that of these only three were used—one on the Queen's yacht, another on the Admiralty yacht, and the third in the *Warrior*. Admiral Denman speaks enthusiastically of the anchor supplied to the Queen's yacht, and Captain Cochrane of the *Warrior* is the only officer who, after trial, has preferred the Admiralty to the Trotman pattern; and he has against him the testimony of Admiral Denman, the judgment of the Committee, the practice of the Admiralty themselves, and the almost universal opinion of the mercantile marine. Of course it is possible that Captain Cochrane may be right and every one else wrong; and there are no doubt many officers who object on theory to the principle of a tumbling fluke which is common to Trotman's and some other anchors. But this is not the question. After so extremely strong a *prima facie* case of superiority has been made out, the Admiralty simply neglect their duty if they decline to institute the most careful trial. What they have done is to give no trial at all. This they admit, but with singular want of judgment they have appended to the evidence an

official memorandum, stating that it would be wrong to risk the safety of Her Majesty's ships by supplying them with anchors on this principle. And this after having risked the safety of Her Majesty's yacht and their own steamer by the use of the anchor they condemn. This Admiralty Minute is conceived in precisely the same spirit of stubbornness which has deprived turret-ships of a fair trial. The Board refuse to trust a British crew in a seagoing turret-ship, not because the plan has been tried and failed, but because the Admiralty have a prejudice against low free-board and turrets, and therefore refuse to test them. But the day of the turret-cruiser must come, and perhaps, when the model ship is discovered, she will be found to have Trotman's anchor on board. We should as soon think of pronouncing a judgment on the character of the inhabitants of Jupiter as of taking sides on such a sailor's question as whether one or another pattern of anchor was the safer; but, as the weight of naval authority is dead against the Admiralty anchor, it needs no special insight into the mystery of tumbling flukes to say, with Mr. Seely, that it is expedient that a careful trial should be made.

Such is the upshot of the Anchor inquiry, and our readers may estimate for themselves "the great difference of opinion disclosed by the evidence," which induced the Committee to withhold their verdict. Even Mr. Childer's original proposal to pass over the whole subject of Admiralty extravagance without a word would have been more creditable to the courage of the Committee than the wretched and unfounded excuse which they have put forward for the non-performance of the duty which they undertook.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE two principal handicaps of the first of the three autumn meetings at Newmarket were about up to their customary standard. The Great Eastern Handicap is usually more or less of a scramble, and whatever gets the best of the start can generally maintain the advantage over so very easy course. There was a good field this year, eighteen coming to the post, including some very fast T.Y.C. horses. Bounceaway was favoured with the very lenient impost of 8*s.* 1*d.* and had she been anything like the Bounceaway of 1867, the race must have been completely at her mercy; but she has so thoroughly lost her form that she could only finish an indifferent fourth. Last year, carrying 7*s.* 12*lbs.*, she beat Xi and Bismarck over the six-furlong course at Doncaster, and again, on the following day, carrying 8*s.* 7*lbs.*, she beat Vespasian at even weights, Wolsey, and Sir Oliver, the latter receiving 27*lbs.* Later in the year she beat Pericles over the Newmarket T.Y.C., giving him 2*lbs.*; and we saw, a few weeks ago at Doncaster, how well Pericles ran in the Portland Plate under a heavy weight. But the handicapper's estimate of the comparative merits of the pair this year is shown by his making Pericles give his former victress 17*lbs.* The principal runners besides Bounceaway were Léonie, Historian, Cellina, Goojerat, and Lady Highthorn. The latter and Cellina ran as jadily as ever, and the race was left from the distance to Snowdrop, who got a good start, and Léonie, who ran wonderfully well under the crushing weight of 8*s.* 7*lbs.* She was giving the winner no less than 36*lbs.* Snowdrop, who, like Bounceaway, is a daughter of Zuyder Zee, has only been successful once before this season. At the First Spring Meeting over the same course she beat some smart animals—such as Reindeer, Charles II., and Airdrie—and, having only 3*lbs.* more to carry in the Great Eastern Handicap, she was certainly not unfavourably treated. The October Handicap, across the Flat, attracted only twelve runners, for the most part of moderate quality. Vespasian was honoured with 9*s.* 13*lbs.*, and not a few thought that with all the weight his colours would be prominent at the finish. The race, which had been throughout pronounced a certainty for one of the three-year-olds, fell to See-Saw, who had everything safe at the Bushes, and cantered in thence with the greatest ease imaginable. Choral, who was favourably weighted according to her running at Lewes, made a disgraceful exhibition, as also did Wild Briar and Seville. Python can only go a mile and a quarter in the most moderate company; Marmite is too small, and Ravioli too slow. The distance and the moderate weight were alike suited to See-Saw, who, both for the Derby and the St. Leger, ran prominently for a mile and a quarter.

Though Vespasian could not win the October Handicap, yet he gave a specimen of his powers on the first day of the meeting, when, carrying 10*s.* 10*lbs.* in the Trial Stakes, and giving 4*s.* 3*lbs.* to a creature called Waffles, he fairly walked away from his opponents, Hippia alone making a show—and only a show—of a fight with him. For the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, Athena, Mortemer, The Spy, See-Saw, and Restitution ran. The distance (a mile and a quarter) would be too far for Athena if she was opposed by any animal of first-class pretensions, but here the only one from whom danger was apprehended, Restitution, was never in the race. He ran in the most ungenerous manner, and Daley could neither keep him straight nor get him to exert himself. Consequently Athena won with great ease. Only Duke of Beaufort opposed Belladrum in the Buckenham Stakes, and, as far as looks went, he did not seem at all the one to beat Mr. Merry's colt. He is rather on a small scale, and not built for speed so much as for staying. Belladrum left him just when he chose, and won as he chose. Strange to say, after this easy victory over a horse of by no means common ability, Belladrum's enemies considerably out-

numbered his friends. Some said that he put his ears back suspiciously; others that they could distinctly hear him making a noise. Whether there is any truth in the report that he has evinced signs of "roaring" we are unable to say; but it is absurd to shut one's eyes to the fact that he has no rival as yet over a T.Y.C. course, and that he is one of the fastest horses and one of the best gallopers ever seen. A great sensation was caused by the unexpected defeat of Morna for the Hopeful Stakes. She was not only beaten by Abstinence, but she never showed prominently in the race, and was last but one throughout. Naturally enough Belladrum got into worse favour still after this, when it was remembered that he could not shake off the Sister to Rosicrucian at Doncaster. But it is obvious that her victory on that occasion was an extraordinary accident, owing to Belladrum having been eased in his work; and, on the other hand, the running of Morna at Newmarket was too bad to be true, though no doubt Abstinence is a much improved filly. There was another surprise on Wednesday in the St. Leger Stakes. Restitution, who the day before could not move across the flat, came out now against See-Saw, Géant des Batailles, Cap-à-Pie, Typhoeus, Birdseeker, and Reditivus, and not only galloped straight and strongly, but also showed considerable staying powers over the severe course from the Ditch in, and fought out a very punishing finish with See-Saw with unquestionable gameness. Fordham rode him on this occasion, and the horse was all the better for the gallop he had had the day before; but still it was another instance of that in-and-out running on which we had occasion to comment frequently last year in connexion with his stable-companion Suffolk. The clever victory of The Orphan in a two-year-old sweepstakes was another instance of the ability of even a fair-class two-year-old to give away almost any weight to bad animals of the same age. Uncas came out, after his long retirement, to run across the Flat against Samson, Nyanza, Tregagle, and two or three more, whom, if fit and well, he could have disposed of without difficulty. But he was as fat as a brewer's dray-horse, and was beaten at the Bushes by want of condition. Samson drew away from Nyanza on ascending the hill; but in the hands of a less skilful and powerful jockey than Fordham he would probably have jumped over the rails instead of getting first past the winning chair. It was only by some vigorous and well-directed punishment that he was driven along the way he should go.

One of the most interesting races of the week was that for the rich 500 sovs. Sweepstakes on the Brebby Stakes course—the same, it will be remembered, on which the race for the Middle Park Plate is run. Duke of Beaufort, The Orphan, Tenedos, and two of Lord Glasgow's ran. The brother to General Peel, who is a colt of great size but backward in preparation, had not run before; but the filly by Y. Melbourne out of Maid of Masham had appeared once previously in the Achievement Stakes at the July Meeting, when she was not placed to Bagpipes, Lady Dewhurst, and Matilda. The race between Duke of Beaufort, Tenedos, and The Orphan was very well contested, and they finished head and head in the order named; while Lord Glasgow's filly, who is a beautiful mover, beat them for speed all the way, and won cleverly by a length. Brother to General Peel was last, but he ran quite sufficiently well, considering his size and unfurnished appearance, to satisfy expectations. Mr. Merry had both Belladrum and Crocus engaged in the Triennial Produce Stakes; but such extravagant reports were circulated as to the merits of Martinique, a dark filly in the Findon stable, that it was determined to bring out the colt a second time. The resolution was right, for, as it turned out, Crocus would most probably have been beaten. It is not often that they have a really good two-year-old at Findon, the stable being more formidable in handicaps than in weight-for-age races; but it happened that Lunley was there for a few months this year, and thus it was felt that a trustworthy clue might have been obtained about Martinique's capabilities. In addition there ran Poinsettia, Brennus (Lord Zetland's Derby colt), Flaxman, and two of Mr. Savile's. The race may be described thus—Martinique made very short work of everything but Belladrum, and Belladrum made very short work of her. She is a filly of beautiful action, but she ran rather green on this occasion, and Goater had some difficulty in keeping her straight. Had she run quite straight, she would never have beaten Belladrum, but she might have stretched his neck; as it was, he won without being extended, and finished apparently full of running. Nevertheless even this performance did not satisfy his opponents, whose hostility is ominously persistent. What the real grounds are for their dissatisfaction will probably be more ascertainable next Wednesday. If Belladrum passes successfully through the crowning ordeal of his two-year-old career, and wins the Middle Park Plate without difficulty, it will not be easy to shake his position; for the public have not forgotten Blue Gown, and the hostility that was evinced towards him, and the abuse that was lavished on him by the learned, and the agreeable rewards that were reaped by those who remained faithful in their allegiance to him through good and evil report. On the last day of the meeting Martinique ran again and disposed of her two opponents, Minaret and Luna, over the last half-mile of the Beacon course, like a thorough racehorse. She bids fair to have a distinguished career, and she is engaged in the Oaks next year, but not in the Derby or St. Leger. If we mention that The Orphan was unable to give Lady Cecilia 8 lbs. over a half-mile course—over a longer distance she might have conceded the weight without difficulty—

we shall have said as much as is necessary of the doings of the First October week, which, if not very eventful, was an agreeable prelude to the two more important weeks that are to follow.

REVIEWS.

BENEDICTUS ABBAS.*

THESE are few works of greater interest to historic scholars than the chronicle which has till now borne the name of Abbot Benedict of Peterborough. So far as its contents are concerned, it forms the primary authority for the reign of Henry II., a reign whose constitutional importance every day makes more evident, while in itself the book occupies a peculiar position in English literature. Nothing brings so clearly home the fulness and continuity of our national annals as the fact that from the reign of Alfred to the close of the wars of the Roses there is but a single break, and that of but a few years, in the contemporary records of our mediæval history. From the ninth century to the midst of the twelfth extends what may be called the period of the vernacular English Chroniclers, the last of whom, with his Latin imitators of Worcester and Durham, flickers out in this darkest hour of feudal lawlessness. The larger and more philosophical school which began with William of Malmesbury continues indeed in the Canon of Newburgh; and so far as Norman affairs will allow the one and monastic business the other, Robert of Thorney and Gervaise of Canterbury throw a certain tiny light upon the time. But practically there is a break in the series of our annalists till the opening of the present chronicle with the death of Archbishop Thomas, when the history of Benedict as re-edited by Hoveden becomes the fresh starting-point from which the successive chronicles of St. Albans continue their contemporary accounts of English affairs till the war of the Roses. But it is not this literary position alone which gives the chronicle its special value. It is, we have said, the primary authority for the reign of Henry II., and the ingenious conjecture of the present editor makes it extremely probable that its authorship is really owing to one of the most distinguished statesmen of Henry's Court. Abbot Benedict certainly ordered it to be copied for the library of Peterborough, but it seems to have acquired his name simply from a very natural blunder of Lord Burleigh's, and the striking similarity of its contents to those ascribed to the well-known "Tricolumnis" of the *Dialogus de Scaccario* points rather to the authorship of Richard Fitz-Neal, the Royal Treasurer and afterwards Bishop of London. A taste for history formed one of the strangely blended passions of the Angevin race, and in this respect Henry was no unworthy successor of that very odd ancestor of his, Fulk Rechin, whose autobiography has lately won the eulogy of Mr. Freeman. It would be pleasant enough to believe that the revival of English history was only a part of the general stimulus which the Angevins were everywhere giving to this branch of literature, and that the chronicle before us began in the circle of statesmen around Henry himself. It is at any rate clearly the production of no mere monastic annalist, but of one closely connected with the Court, and Professor Stubbs has well pointed out the singular value of such a position to the mediæval historian:—

The man who undertook to register the actions and movements of those whose lives make up history must be in a position to witness or to have a speedy report of all. He must either follow the Court or live in the capital. In the twelfth century the communication of news was slow, while the action of princes was rapid. To ensure perfect accuracy the chronicler must be attached to the king's person; to ensure approximate accuracy he must be where the reports of the king's proceedings would be first received. The wonderful coincidences in chronological details which may be traced in contemporary writers who had no apparent communication with one another—as for instance Hoveden, Gervaise, and Ralph de Diceto—and the way in which they illustrate and supplement one another, are proofs both of great pains taken to ensure exact intelligence, and of a publicity in the conduct of affairs which we are accustomed to connect almost exclusively with the existence of newspapers.

To these advantages would naturally be added that of almost official access to State documents, the reports of ambassadors, or letters from foreign princes—a privilege which became of greater moment from the wider reach which the policy and connexions of Henry and his sons gave at this time to the relations of England with the world. By the extent of his Continental dominions, by the cousinship in which, as Mr. Stubbs puts it, his family connexions bound up the whole Continent, by his widespread alliances with the Empire or Spain, by the constant references which were made to him on the part of political disputants, the statesmen of Henry Fitz-Empress were brought into some contact or other with every part of Christendom. Chronicles like the present one acquire, in this accidental way, almost the same general character at which William of Malmesbury had aimed from a more philosophical standpoint; and such a collection as that of Hoveden is "an authority not only for the history of England, but for that of France, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Spain, the Papacy, Norway, Palestine, and even Constantinople; and this not merely in default of national historians, as in the cases of Norway and Palestine, but as

* *Gesta Regis Henrici Secundi Abbatis.* Edited by William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

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harmonizing with and completing their narratives, where they exist, with an independent authority."

Valuable as such a chronicle must necessarily be, the extracts we have already given prove how much Lord Romilly has added to the worth of his gift by his good sense in entrusting its editing to the one scholar in England who is pre-eminently fitted for the task. The terse, pregnant notes which some apparent relaxation of the older rule of the series has allowed Professor Stubbs to add to the text, the bibliographical research of the first preface, and the elaborate picture of the character and policy of the Angevin which occupies the second, are all equally admirable. Such a note, for instance, as that in which the very puzzling chronology of the home transactions in 1191—transactions whose political importance has hitherto been unnoticed by our historians—is definitely cleared up, and indeed the whole of the brief comments with which Mr. Stubbs has accompanied the annals of the reign of Richard, are of the highest value. It is, however, in his sketch of the character of Henry II. that the editor has evidently put forth his fullest powers, and it was precisely to such a character that his own intellectual temper enables him to do justice. His mind appears to be pre-eminently fair and judicial, and in the adulation and caricature of Peter of Blois, Gerald of Wales, and Ralph the Black, there is an admirable field for judgment and fairness. Even under the hand of a professed panegyrist, as the Professor remarks, the moral and intellectual traits of Henry, like his physical characteristics, refuse to combine "into the outlines of a hero." There was something about the build and look of the man—the square stout frame, the fiery face, the close-crop hair, the prominent eyes, the bull neck, the coarse strong hands, the bowed legs—that sets romance at defiance. But it was a practical serviceable frame, that just suited the hardest worker of his time. "He never sits down," is the most living among all the touches of a contemporary pencil; "he is always on his legs from morning till night." Orderly in business, careless in appearance, moderate in diet, never resting or giving his servants rest, chatty, inquisitive, endowed with a singular charm of address and strength of memory, obstinate in love and hatred, a fair scholar, a great hunter, his general air "rough, passionate, uneasy," Henry was the very picture of a hard practical man of business on a royal scale:—

We see [says the editor] a hard-headed, industrious, cautious, subtle, restless man; fixed in purpose, versatile in expedients, wonderfully rapid in execution, great in organizing without being himself methodical—one who will always try to bind others while leaving himself free; who never prefers good faith to policy, or appearances to realities; who trusts rather to time and circumstances than to the goodwill of others; by inclination parsimonious and retiring, but on occasion lavish and magnificent; liberal in almsgiving, splendid in building, but not giving alms without an ulterior object, nor spending money on buildings except where he can get his money's worth. As with treasure, so with men; he was neither extravagant nor sparing, rather economical than humane; pitiful after the slaughter of battle, but not chary of human life where it could be spent with effect.

It is impossible to spend too much pains in understanding the temper of Henry, because in few cases has personal character so moulded the character of a reign. Mr. Stubbs has well pointed out in what a great crisis of England's history this keen, restless, coarse-fibred man of business was destined to be her King. His reign forms the period of amalgamation, when neighbourhood and traffic and intermarriage were drawing Englishman and Norman together so rapidly into one people that by its close the two races had almost ceased to be distinguishable from each other. A national feeling indeed was springing up here, as over Europe generally, before which the conventional barriers of feudalism were to be swept away. Henry had even less reverence for that feudal past than his times, and much of his work was to lie in the organization of judicial and administrative forms which should supersede its own. But of the great currents of thought and feeling which were tending in the same direction he knew nothing. He had, in fact, less insight into them, less sympathy with them, than the meanest peasant of his day. A great revival of the religious consciousness went on under the very eyes of a king who whispered and scribbled and looked at picture-books during Mass, who neglected Confession, and cursed God in a wild frenzy of blasphemy. On both sides of the sea great peoples formed themselves round a sovereign whose whole mind, powerful as it was, was set on the acquisition of half a dozen little French towns. There is a tragic grandeur in the irony of Henry's position in the midst of it all—a Sforza of the fifteenth century set in the midst of the twelfth, building up, by patience and policy and craft, a composite empire alien to the deepest sympathies of his age, and in the end swept away in ignominy and despair by popular forces to whose existence his very cleverness had blinded him. What Henry directly did towards the great moral and social revolution of the twelfth century was simply to let it alone. But indirectly and unconsciously, as we have said, his policy did much to prepare England for the change. If by the charge of "tyranny," which his enemies brought against him, is meant wanton cruelty or oppression or purposeless outrages on law and public order, Henry II.—as Mr. Stubbs pleads—was certainly no tyrant. But there is a good deal in the older and purely Greek sense of the word that harmonizes with his temper and designs. He was utterly without the imagination and reverence which could enable him to sympathize with the past. He had a practical man's impatience of the obstacles thrown in the way of his reforms by the older constitution of his realm. He could not understand other men's reluctance to purchase

undoubted improvements by the sacrifice of customs and traditions of bygone days. Without any theoretical hostility to the co-ordinate powers of the State, it seemed to him a perfectly reasonable and natural course to trample under foot the Baronage or the Church to gain his end of good government. His notions of government, in fact, were precisely those of the great group of rulers in the fifteenth century—the notions of Ferdinand and Louis XI. and Henry VII.; but in the twelfth century they were a sheer anachronism. The power of the Crown, raised so high by the first of our Angevin sovereigns, lay ruined at the feet of the third. From John to the first of the Tudors, the rule of England lay, not with the Crown, but with the ecclesiastical and aristocratic forces which Henry had trodden under foot. We cannot agree with the author of the preface, therefore, in the favourable estimate which he forms of Henry's policy, though we are grateful to him for the clearness with which he has developed its character. There are few things more mischievous than a right thing done at a wrong time, and of Henry's designs few survived the rule of his sons. What he did bequeath to the England of the future were the incidental results which have been ably summed up by Professor Stubbs:—

The idea of a kingly government administered by the King's servants, in which the action of the feudal nobility where it existed was simply ministerial, and was not, so far as the executive was concerned, even necessary to the maintenance of the plan, was the true remedy for the evils of anarchy inherent in the Norman State. Such a system could not be devised by a weak or ambitious head, or worked by feeble or indolent hands. Nor could it be brought to maturity or easy action in one man's lifetime. The elements of discord were not extinguished in Henry's reign, they broke out whenever any other trouble distracted the King's energy or divided his power. Still he was in the main successful, and left to his successors the germ of a uniform administration of justice and system of revenue. His ministers, who at the beginning of his reign were little more than officers of his household, at the end of it were the administrators of the country. The position of England in the affairs of Europe was from this time owing, not to the foreign possessions of the sovereign, but to the compactness of her organization, and the facility with which the national strength and resources could be handled.

CURTIUS' HISTORY OF GREECE.*

(Second Notice.)

THE part of Curtius' work which has been as yet translated by Mr. Ward reaches down to the establishment of the constitution of Cleisthenes at Athens. The first volume of the original goes on to the Ionic revolt and the battle of Lade. It thus contains the whole of the ethnological and mythological matter which must form the beginning of any History of Greece, the introduction to its strictly historical portions, and also carries on the story some way into far more strictly historic times. In going again through matters which have so often been gone through before, we look, if not for actually new facts, at least for some new way of looking at them, for some new light thrown upon them. Without some such claim as this on our attention, we do not admit a new writer's right to call us to listen again to so old a story. But Curtius undoubtedly makes out his claim to attention by a display of special excellence in one branch of his subject. His strong point seems to us to be geography. Curtius was known as a traveller and a geographer before he was known as an historian; and his knowledge of the country, and his keen eye for the characteristic features of the whole land and of its several portions, stand him in good stead in almost every page. The first chapter seems to us the best, simply because it is the most geographical. We never read a more vivid sketch of the aspect of any country. Curtius gives us an elaborate picture of the whole land, marking with a most delicate touch all that distinguishes every valley and seaboard from every other. He brings out, as clearly as words can bring out, the physical conformation, the climate, the products, of the different countries round the Aegean Sea, and the way in which the course of their history has been influenced by these geographical features. The whole thing is done with a kind of enthusiasm which communicates itself to the reader, and which could only be kindled by one who is personally and minutely familiar with the land of which he is writing. Mr. Grote has bestowed great pains on the geographical part of his work, but we believe that he has never visited Greece, and we suspect that, even if he had, he would not have given us the same vivid picture as Curtius has done. The difference lies in the turn of mind and way of looking at things natural to the two men. We might perhaps say that Curtius has a direct love, a sort of personal regard, for Greece—that is, for Hellas in the widest sense—for the land itself, as for a personal friend whose acquaintance he has made and enjoyed. To Mr. Grote, on the other hand, Greece is simply the scene of certain great political events. He has studied the geographical and other features of the country with minute and conscientious care, because a knowledge of them is essential to an understanding of the events which happened among them. But it is only in this secondary way that the country itself has any attraction for him. He cannot, as Curtius can, throw a fascination over a geographical lesson. Next to the opening part, the description of Greece—including of course Asiatic as well as European Greece—comes, in our eyes, the chapter on Greek colonization which stands last in Mr. Ward's volume. Here again the geographical

* *The History of Greece.* By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. I. London: R. Bentley. 1868.

powers of Curtius are called out with admirable effect. But of course he cannot produce the same fascinating picture of settlement in Spain or in the Tauric Chersonesos as when he is describing European Greece itself, and those Asiatic islands and shores which cannot be separated from it as a geographical and historical whole.

But, to keep everything in its proper proportion, when we turn to the strictly political parts of the history, we find the balance of merit no less distinctly in favour of the English writer. In these parts of the history, it is to the English writer that we have to look for originality, vigour, and clearness—for suggestions which strike at the time, and which we carry off to dwell upon afterwards. To read the political part of Mr. Grote's history, even in these its earliest portions, is an epoch in a man's life. Solon, Peisistratus, Cleisthenes, are names with which we had been familiar from childhood; it was in the hands of Mr. Grote that they acquired a life and meaning which had never belonged to them before. But we have read the analogous parts of Curtius' history without any particular impression. It is all good and clear and accurate, and we often light upon very suggestive remarks. But the whole is not specially striking. In the geographical parts of the book, just as in the political parts of Grote, we feel that a really new light has come upon us; we do not feel this in the political parts of Curtius. This difference is no doubt in some degree owing to the different forms of the two works. Mr. Grote could discuss and argue, he could illustrate by examples, explain and confirm by references, to any amount that he thought good. Curtius has been cut off from much of this liberty by the letters in which he has evidently been working, at any rate in his first volume. He never falls into the offensive dogmatism of Mommsen, but his work unavoidably takes a shape in which the writer calls on his readers to take down a great deal simply because he says that it is so. Now this kind of treatment does thoroughly well for the geographical and other descriptive portions. The observer and describer is here himself an original authority, and we receive what he tells us as such. It may also suit flowing narrative, where we have no reason to suspect the good faith and accuracy of the writer, or where, even if we have, his mere power of narration carries us away with him. But it does not at all suit a political history like the early history of Greece and Italy. In those histories a great deal must depend upon conjecture, or at any rate upon inferences drawn from scattered notices, which allow of room for great varieties of opinion. In such cases we allow a reasonable deference to the opinion of a man who is evidently learned and thoughtful; but we refuse to pin our faith upon any one. We like to know, and we think we have a right to ask, a man's reasons and authorities for every one thing that he says. Mr. Grote fully satisfies this demand. He gives us full means of accepting or rejecting whatever he tells us. Curtius does not do so; not, we feel sure, from any lack of good will, but because the scheme of this part of his work hindered him. In this sort of case even the violence of Mommsen has an incidental advantage over his better-mannered volume. We may not believe, perhaps we are even set against believing, but we at any rate understand and remember. We must confess that we have read a good deal of Curtius' political history, without carrying away anything in particular.

The point of greatest novelty in Curtius' work is that he has given us, as far as we know, the first History of Greece in which any attempt is made to connect Grecian history with the results both of Comparative Philology and of Oriental research. When Bishop Thirlwall wrote, those studies were hardly advanced enough to have been applied to Grecian history to much purpose, and, even when Mr. Grote wrote, they were far from being so advanced as they are now. The ethnological part of Bishop Thirlwall's history, what he has to say about Pelasgians and so forth, is certainly the least satisfactory part of his work. Mr. Grote, perhaps more prudently, throws the Pelasgians overboard altogether. In truth, the practical and political turn of Mr. Grote's mind is hardly suited for pure ethnological research. He thoroughly masters and clearly sets forth the relations, the historical and political relations, of the various neighbouring nations to the Greeks; but for their exact relations, as a matter of race and speech, even to the Greeks, much more to one another, he seems to care very little. In one respect this tendency has done Mr. Grote's history a serious damage. It has combined with his position as the historian of Athenian democracy to make him distinctly unfair to Alexander and to Macedonia in general. Now Curtius comes to his Grecian history thoroughly prepared with the last results of ethnological and philological study. This is a most valuable qualification, and gives him so far a great advantage over both his English predecessors. We are not quite so clear about his Oriental studies. Purely Western scholars, classical or mediæval, have not yet made up their minds about the results of Egyptian and Assyrian research. They do not take upon themselves to reject what they have often had no opportunity of minutely examining. But they are by no means prepared implicitly to believe everything. They cannot help seeing that the Eastern scholars do not seem always to know their own minds, and they feel that they are constantly asked to believe statements about Egypt and Nineveh on evidence which they would not think enough for a statement about Athens or England. It is easy to see that Curtius' standard of belief is much laxer than that of Mr. Grote, much more than that of Sir George Lewis. He clearly holds that a good deal of history, the history of the successions of States and dynasties, if not of individuals, may be recovered out of mythical

times. It is by no means our wish to say that no such history can be recovered, but we must confess that Curtius sometimes goes on faster than we can follow him. It is rather a call on our faith to be asked to believe, if not in Minos personally, at any rate in his *Thalassocracy*. The Pelopid dynasty at Mycenæ is another thing; Homer and the existing monuments make two distinct kinds of evidence which corroborate and explain one another. Indeed our chief objection to Curtius' treatment of prehistoric times would be that he believes a great deal which Homer implicitly contradicts. The Lydian origin of Pelops, the Egyptian origin of other Greek patriarchs, seem to us to be mere dreams of after-times, of which Homer had no knowledge. In the system of Curtius all these supposed immigrations play an important part.

It must not, however, be thought that Curtius is at all an advocate of the exploded notions of past days about purely barbarian settlements in Greece. He accepts from Niebuhr and Bunsen, but he works out in full for himself, the theory of extensive Hellenic or quasi-Hellenic colonization—though colonization is not exactly the right word—in prehistoric times. Greeks were spread over the Asiatic coast, and had made settlements in various places, including Egypt, ages before the date of that later Greek colonization which followed the Dorian migration. When the European Ionians settled in the Asiatic Ionia, they were but returning to an older Ionic land. The distance to which Greek colonies had spread in very early times is said to be shown by the occurrence of the Ionians—the Uinim of the Egyptians, the Javan of the Hebrews—among the subjects of the early Egyptian Kings. But then the Egyptologists are at loggerheads among themselves about the meaning of the inscription in which these early Uinim are said to be mentioned. What Lepsius admits, Bunsen rejects, and far be it from us to decide between them. Indeed for strictly Grecian history the point is not of much moment. As it is made use of by Curtius, the effect, if any, of this early connexion between Greece and Egypt would rather have been that a chance of improvement was offered to Egypt, of which Egypt, in true Egyptian fashion, seems to have made no use. Curtius asks us to believe that colonists from Lydia and Egypt settled in Peloponnesus; but he does not ask us to believe that Lydian and Egyptian barbarians settled there. His Lydians and Egyptians are Lydian and Egyptian Greeks. This is indeed somewhat of a relief, but it is surely simpler to cast aside these utterly unauthentic immigrations altogether.

We confess that we cannot always follow Curtius in detail in his speculations about what he calls Old-Ionians and the like. But this whole part of the book, especially what may be called the prehistoric history of Peloponnesus, is throughout most ingenious and interesting, and it is, in the original, set forth with a charm of style which some may perhaps have thought that neither the subject nor the German language admitted. And we should have not a word of complaint to make, if Curtius would be satisfied with our believing that the inhabitants of a large region from Sicily to Asia were closely allied to the Greeks, that the Greeks in settling among them were not settling among utter strangers, and that this original ethnical kindred accounts for the speedy, thorough, and in many places lasting, hellenization of those districts. This we believe to be one of the most certain, and one of the most important, facts in Grecian history. Round Greece Proper we find a circle of nations, neither strictly Greek nor strictly barbarian, not Greek in the fuller sense, but capable of easy hellenization—half-developed Greeks whom a slight intercourse with their more advanced neighbours easily raised to their level. Such a quasi-Greek people we find in Epeiros, the original seat of the Greek name, and the scene of national migrations which Curtius has set forth in his best manner.

We will take a leap from the beginning of the present volume to the end. In all these inquiries, whether we agree with the author in every detail or not, Curtius is plainly in his element, and his treatment of all these matters is most masterly. He is, we think, less successful, because he is on ground which is less thoroughly his own, when he attempts to grapple with Mr. Grote on a point of the development of the Athenian democracy. We cannot think, with Curtius, that the lot—by the way Mr. Ward oddly confounds the lot and the ballot—came in with Cleisthenes. What is the evidence? On the one side is an *obiter dictum* of Herodotus, who is not examining into the matter; on the other side is a direct statement of Isocrates, who is examining into the matter, and also, as we think, the probability of the case. But the development of the Athenian democracy is too wide a subject to enter on at the end of a notice in which we have chiefly wished to call attention to the author's treatment of other subjects. We will end by again thanking the author for his original work, and the translator for his translation, and by recommending the work, not as a substitute for, but as a worthy companion to, the great English works on the same subject.

SAVAGE AFRICA.*

NEVER has the attempt been made to depict the life of an uncivilized man with anything like the fulness or the reality of Mr. Wood's goodly-sized and handsome volume. There is something encyclopædic in his method of contemplating the sub-

* *The Natural History of Man; being an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Uncivilized Races of Men.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Africa. London: Routledge & Sons. 1868.

ject, and he has carried it out in a way which bespeaks not only the width and comprehensiveness of his inquiries, but the patient and untiring spirit in which he has massed together their results. Without aspiring to write a scientific treatise on the ethnography, or the physical and mental differences, of the savage races of mankind, he has applied the resources of scientific study and research to such a general survey as came within the scope of his design, while he has turned the results of other men's travel and observation to the construction of a work more complete and homogeneous than we generally get from any single and independent explorer. Seeing by the light of critical judgment and comparative selection, he has been enabled to check the statements of one traveller by those of another, and his book will in consequence be likely to command a degree of confidence which is often withheld from adventures or exploits which are bruited by a solitary trumpet. Popular in form, and designedly made as attractive as possible to the reader, it has yet little of the air of conscious exaggeration, or of a sensational appeal to the popular love of the marvellous. He simply aims at giving a connected and popular account of the manners and customs of the uncivilized races of men dispersed throughout the world. To gather into one the notices of numberless individual travellers, often scattered at random through their works, many of these works being scarce or expensive, and most of them ill-arranged, is a task of which the public will appreciate the laboriousness. They will at the same time be hardly less ready to testify their sense of its worth. In executing it the author has had to acknowledge the assistance of many travellers of note, who have taken a friendly interest in the work, and have furthered it by the aid of their stores of observation, their relics and trophies of travel, and their practical experience of savage life. Mr. Wood has also been happy in his choice of artists, who have ably seconded his narrative by the reality and graphic force of their illustrations.

The present instalment of Mr. Wood's design comprises the multitudinous tribes which people the continent of Africa. The southern portion of that continent may well be described as the very stronghold of barbarism. Other continents may indeed exhibit races lower in the scale of physical or mental organization. The savage of the Australian bush may approach closer than his African brother to the bodily and intellectual level of the gorilla or the baboon. Greater extremes of climate may occasion more widely-marked differences in manners, customs, or external aspect than are to be traced where the natural heat is so approximately the same as it is throughout the length and breadth of Africa. Still, nothing is more characteristic of that curious country than the extraordinary variety of tribes, each marked by the most striking points of contrast, with which that teeming quarter of the earth is peopled. On one side of a river we have, for example, a people well clothed, well fed, well governed, and retaining but few of the loathsome or cruel customs of primeval savagery. On the other side, we find a people without clothes, government, manners, or morality, and sunk as low as man can sink in all the cruelty and squalid misery of savage life. Another leading characteristic of uncivilized Africa is the continual change which is for ever going on. Warlike and restless tribes are perpetually on the move, usually working their way seawards from the interior, carrying their own customs with them, forming settlements on the way, and incorporating into their own habits and superstitions those of the tribes among whom they have settled. In process of time these tribes become careless of the warlike arts by which they obtained possession of the country, and are in their turn ousted by others who bring with them fresh habits and modes of life. Mr. Wood does little towards tracing the origin or the affinities of the several tribes among whom the vast continent is now cut up, nor does he attempt to assign either the primeval seat of the African race as a whole, or its connexion with the other great subdivisions of humanity. We are not told whether he holds with Blumenbach, or with the later theories of Pritchard, Draper, and others, touching the ethnography of the negro race and its manifold sub-varieties. Neither does he furnish the slightest information regarding the differences of dialect which separate even bordering nations. The ordinary reader can scarcely fail to be struck with the absence of all those linguistic difficulties which would seem, on the showing of this book, to beset the traveller's path. Beyond a faint allusion here and there to the services of the interpreter, there is hardly the hint of any impediment to the flow of conversation. Lengthy dialogues and orations are kept up where we are left to our own guesses as to the precise medium of understanding between the traveller and his native hosts. Defects and omissions such as this are perhaps but natural where a writer, instead of telling his own tale of travel, is drawing upon the narrative of others. The pettyeveryday difficulties of the traveller find no place in the smoothly flowing narrative of the compiler who sits at home at ease. What, however, would be but secondhand and superficial reading for the man of science may be read with satisfaction, and even profit, by the general public; and for young people in particular we can fancy Mr. Wood's volume forming an abundant source of delight.

Amidst all the differences which belong to the natives of Africa south of the line, one general type may be seen to characterize them all. It is not, indeed, easy to find a generic name for this large group. The popular name of Kaffir has come to be restricted to the tribes on the south-east of the continent, between the Drakensberg mountains and the sea. The name itself, moreover, is not an ethnological one, being simply the term

applied by the Moslem races to all other races than their own, black and white alike. The name of *Chuanas* has been adopted by some ethnologists, the word being the root of the well-known Bechuana, Sechuana, and similar tribal names. Others have preferred the word *Bantu*, Zingian, to which Mr. Wood inclines, is perhaps the best. The family, whatever its name, cannot be regarded as aboriginal or autochthonic. It must have descended upon South Africa from some other seat, whether from the northern portion of the same continent or primarily from an Asiatic source. The Zingian differs from the full-blooded negro of the West. He is less dark; his hair, though short, crisp, and curled, is not so woolly; his lips, though large compared with those of Europeans, are finer than the negro's; his form is more graceful, his limbs straighter, and his forehead more capacious. The genuine race is now represented in the main by five branches which fill up the strip of land between the mountains we have indicated and the sea. The Amatonga to the north are bordered on the south by the Amazwazi, the Amazulu, the Amaponda, and the Amakosa. The common prefix "Ama" is but the plural form. We may speak of a single Tonga, Swazi, or Zulu Kaffir, but if we wish to speak of many we form the plural by putting "Ama" before the name. Of all the true Kaffir tribes the Zulu is the chief and highest type. It has its head-quarters rather to the north of Natal, and there are to be found the best specimens of this really splendid race of men. They occupy the first, and in many respects the most interesting, portion of Mr. Wood's volume. The first qualities of the uncivilized man are unhappily those as regards which he is most likely to suffer from the ascendancy and example of the white. Whether the Kaffir race is destined, like its natural congener on the North American continent, to disappear under the advancing rule of the European, is a matter as yet of speculation. It may be questioned whether, by dint of sheer numbers or of any inherent power of vitality higher than that of the red man, the native black may hold his own in Southern Africa. At present, it cannot be denied that our chief interest in and respect for him centres in his simple unsophisticated state as a child of nature. European life and rule, bringing with them greater security of life, as well as a stronger sense of the wants and capacities of nature, have indeed taught the Kaffir some lessons of forethought. They have furnished him to some extent with a corrective for that fatalism in which he naturally sought refuge when the caprice of his chief might at any minute call for his head. It is a more doubtful advantage that European fashion, disclosing to the savage the fact of his nakedness, has tinctured his feelings with false shame, and forced upon him a monstrous travesty of civilized tastes. What can be more absurd than the Kaffir girl of the period, who, having been to the neighbouring settlement for her simple purchases, comes back with her London wire "cage," and nothing else about her jettie person, in lieu of the tasteful and really modest girdle or apron which had before set off her native charms? In either sex the deterioration in taste is visible alike. A young Kaffir in his smooth dark skin, set off by nothing but his few tufts of fur, and relieved by a string or two of coloured beads, looks and moves as one of nature's noblemen. In the white man's coat and trousers the iron of degradation enters into his very soul. For models of natural symmetry and grace nothing can excel the young Kaffir girl in her maiden prime. Classical antiquity has no purer types to show than these free and lissom, albeit dusky, forms, several specimens of which are given by Mr. Wood from photographs taken on the spot, albeit under many disadvantages of situation and undue sunshine. But for the prejudice attaching to colour, and the less conventional drawback of coarse features and soulless expression, we have here models which civilization, cramped by dress and by unnatural attitude and gait, can seldom yield to the artist. Unfortunately such beauty of form as we see in the pair of maidens at page 16, or the girl equipped for the dance at page 47, is rapidly evanescent. At the age which in Europe is that of physical perfection, the Kaffir girl is coarse, flabby, and shapeless. Marriage, with the crushing and degrading toil of savage life, changes the sylph of fifteen into the hag at thirty. Full particulars of the marriage-rites and domestic customs of these tribes will satisfy the curious inquirers into those subjects in Mr. Wood's pages. The drawings of weapons, articles of costume and ornament, and utensils of all kinds, which are profusely interspersed, taken from actual specimens, do more than the narrative itself to enable the reader to realize the incidents and usages of savage life.

At the lowest end of the scale we find a contrast to the clean-lined and graceful Kaffir in the squat, ungraceful, and baboon-like Bosjesman. It is a question whether this wretched type of humanity is to be regarded as an aboriginal race whom the neighbouring Hottentots have improved, or as a degenerate offshoot of the Hottentots themselves. Mr. Wood inclines to see in them a variety of the Hottentot race, whom they resemble in many points of feature, form, complexion, and language. It seems to us the truer view that tribes in other respects so dissimilar as those are to be traced independently to a vastly more remote, though ultimately common, source. They are now sworn foes, and the language of the Bosjesman is as unintelligible to a Hottentot as to an European. Seldom more than five feet in height, this pygmy of the bush, if the nature of the ground denies him the earth cave which suits his original troglodyte habits, contents himself with a leafy "form" like that of a hare, or a nest like that of the gorilla, made of the mimosa or other twigs and leaves. His dress is of the scantiest, and his food of the most coarse and loathsome. His chief intelligence, besides the management of cattle, is devoted to

the poisoning of his arrows and lances. His skill in this deadly art renders him a formidable foe to his hereditary persecutors, the Kaffir and the Hottentot. Morals and religion has next to none, but his animal instincts remain to him in lieu of culture, and he can thus live in wastes where other men would perish. His keen sense will discover water-roots where the Kaffir has to call in the aid of the trained baboon. The terrible poison used by him is of a threefold kind, and a curious account of the mode of preparing it is given by Mr. Baines, a traveller in the bush country. One kind is simply taken from the poison gland of the puff adder, cobra, and other venomous snakes, or from that of certain spiders. Another is extracted from vegetable sources, the juice of certain euphorbias, or the amaryllis; the two, however, being more deadly when mixed together. Most fatal of all is the venom which exudes from a certain grub, called by Livingstone the Ngwa, and by Mr. Baines the K'aa, about the size and shape of the silkworm, of a pale flesh colour, which haunts a tree something like an elm, but covered with thorns, called the *Maruru Papee*. An antidote called *kala haethue*, made from the bulb or root of a plant which bears a yellow star-shaped flower with five petals, is held by the natives to possess some virtue. The word *kala* signifies "friend."

It is beyond our scope to particularize the endless tribes which the researches of Livingstone, Krapf, and others have opened up to our knowledge between the southern point of the continent and the regions where something like civilization exists, or has existed, either on the eastern or western seaboard. Mr. Wood gives a complete and careful summary of the latest results of exploration. Coming to Abyssinia towards the close of the volume, he appears to be posted up in the most recent and trustworthy authorities. He has done well to rest in the main on the clear and conscientious report of Mr. Mansfield Parkyns. It is not much that the late military expedition has added to what our spirited and truthful travellers of this class had already taught us of Abyssinian ways and doings, though it has brought them more vividly before the mind of the public. It has certainly fixed many geographical points on the line of route, and increased to a great extent our knowledge of the natural features and products of the country. One of the last chapters of the volume gives us an epitome of Sir S. Baker's graphic and stirring account of the Hamran Arabs, those unequalled centaurs and fearless hunters by land and water. Mr. Palgrave is drawn upon for the latest and most lifelike portraiture of the Bedouin and Hassaniyah Arabs, and the book closes with a glimpse into the little-known interior of life in Madagascar, chiefly due to the observation of Mr. Ellis, and to a valuable report presented to the Anthropological Society by Lieutenant Oliver, R.A. If Mr. Wood's description of other continents should equal in thoroughness and picturesque force his account of the African savage, he will have done much to break down the wall of ignorance and prejudice which separates the man of so-called civilization from his dark and uncivilized brother.

SANDERS ON THE ENGLISH SCHISM.*

SANDERS'S work on the English Schism created a considerable sensation in its day; it was translated into French and Italian, and passed through six editions in the original Latin, the first of which bears the date 1585, while the last was published at Cologne in 1628. It is remarkable that it should have created less interest in the country to which its author belonged, and of whose religious and political changes it treats, than in other European countries. Its reappearance in a new dress as translated into French by Maucoix, Canon of Rheims, in 1676, was the proximate cause of Burnet's writing his more celebrated and more elaborate history of the same transactions. And Englishmen have been usually content to take for granted that Burnet's view of the Reformation was, upon the whole, a just and adequate account of the matter, tinged, it might be, by certain prejudices on the author's part, and perhaps a little wanting here and there in historical truth, owing to the writer's ignorance of the European politics of the time, and his careless habit of jumping at conclusions which he wished to establish. Nevertheless, in spite of Sanders's prejudices in favour of Catholicism—which, however, are by no means stronger than those of Burnet for Protestantism—we would recommend any one who wishes to get a clear idea of the political and religious movements of the sixteenth century to read Sanders's work *de Schismate Anglicano* as presenting a more discriminating account of the various disturbances in Church and State than can be found in so small a compass anywhere else. We hope some day to see it translated into English—partly on this account, partly, however, and indeed principally, because of the truthfulness of the narration of facts which it contains.

We have no doubt that we shall very much surprise many persons by this announcement. It has been customary to regard Sanders as a man who would not scruple at anything which should damage the Protestant or uphold the Catholic side; but we venture to assert that nearly all the recent publications of original papers of the sixteenth century tend to verify Sanders's facts, even in cases where he was thought to be lying most outrageously. It will

be asked—and very reasonably asked—how it happened that Sanders should have gained so great a reputation for falsehood, if the imputation is so entirely undeserved. And it is no sufficient answer to allege that it is due to party spirit and Protestant prejudices. If we may hazard a conjecture, we think it is mostly due to Sanders's own inveterate prejudice against Queen Elizabeth. It was this hatred of Elizabeth that induced him to take every opportunity of vilifying her actions, as well as of impugning the legitimacy of her birth and the character of her mother. And this led him to believe, and to assert over and over again his belief, in a fact which, if he had taken the trouble to inquire, he might very easily have disproved. It is well known that Sanders was the promulgator, though not the originator, of the scandalous story that Anne Boleyn was the daughter of Henry VIII. Now this not only was not true, but could not have been true, as any one may ascertain who will inquire into the dates which any ordinary history of the period can supply. It is even extremely unlikely that she occupied the position of step-daughter, which canon law would have assigned to her if there had been any improper connexion between her mother and the King. That such connexion was alleged as early as the year 1533 is certain; but the strongest, and indeed nearly conclusive, evidence against it can be produced from the Bull which Henry wanted the Pope to sign in order to legalize his second marriage. In that document, if any provision of the kind had been wanted, it would undoubtedly have been inserted, just in the same way as Foxe, who drew it up, provided for the covering the impediment created by the connexion with her sister.

We do not doubt that Sanders believed the story, which he got from Rastal's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, but as there is no other record of the existence of this Life, it has been doubted whether any such book was ever written. Certainly none such was ever published. If we may again venture a guess, we should say that Rastal, who was More's brother-in-law, probably wrote his life, and, being notoriously averse to the divorce of Catharine, collected all the stories that he had heard against the King, and amongst them this of the connexion with Lady Boleyn, on which he may very probably have observed that it suggested the probability of Anne's being the King's own daughter. And so with regard to other points, there is no evidence to show that Sanders ever wrote what he knew or supposed to be false; the mistakes in his book being such as are most easily detected, many of them being blunders in names which may fairly be attributed to foreign printers being unable to make them out from the manuscript, and others consisting of transpositions of events which do not much affect the truth of the narrative as a whole. Any one who will take the trouble to go through Burnet's enumeration of the errors in Sanders will soon see how often Burnet was himself in the wrong, and how trivial are the faults which he exposes, and in other cases may judge how frivolous and captious are many of the objections taken to Sanders's remarks. Burnet's animadversions were, indeed, very efficiently exposed by Le Grand, in his *Histoire du Divorce*, but it has been reserved for the present generation to show that, where Le Grand was obliged to rest upon mere probabilities, and to content himself with saying that he believed Sanders was right and Burnet wrong, in almost every instance it turns out to be as he said.

It is worth mentioning, though it is no absolute proof of the authoritative character of the work, that Raynaldus in his *Annals* quotes it as of first-rate authority. Indeed, the history of the relations of Henry VIII. with the Court of Rome is almost wholly told in Sanders's words, the narrative being amplified by numerous original documents transcribed from the Vatican Library. Further revelations from the same library, such as those furnished by M. Theiner, and from our own Record Office, and other sources hitherto unknown, are remarkably confirming the truth of many of the details of Sanders's narrative. It may be said, indeed, that all this affords very good reason for vindicating the fame of a much maligned author, but that in the interests of historical truth we can well afford to allow Sanders's work to lie in its Latin form upon the shelves of the learned, and let the new documents that may from time to time be discovered tell their own story. But the answer to this is as follows:—Sanders lived nearly, or quite, all through the times which he describes from 1527 to 1581, and he had opportunities of knowing what was going on, especially during the changes of Edward's and Mary's reigns, such as few other historians have enjoyed, being himself deeply interested in the matter. If, therefore, it can be shown that he is in general trustworthy in his facts, his work must take rank as a first-rate authority in historical matters. As to the view which pervades the work, no doubt he may be described as a bigoted Roman Catholic. But in those days every man who was in earnest was bigoted on one side or the other. And if we are obliged to compare him with the Protestant bigot, Foxe the martyrologist, the advantage is altogether on the side of Sanders. Recent discoveries are tending to show that Sanders was generally right, whilst it only requires such an attentive reading of Foxe as Dr. Maitland or Dr. Hook has given to the subject to see that the Protestant martyrologist is perpetually contradicting himself.

And now we come to the difficult question, who was the author of the book, and what were his opportunities of knowing the proceedings of the Court of Rome, which are so minutely detailed in his history; and here we are bound to admit that we must wait for more light before we can venture on any decided opinion. It is plain that Nicolas Sanders was the writer of the book, taken as a whole; that it was written after his flight from England, which

* *Nicolaus Sandri de origine ac progressu Schismatis Anglicani Libri Tres. Aucti per Edwardum Rishtonum, et impressi primi in Germania, nunc iterum locupletius et castigatus editi.* Rome, Typis Bartholomae Bonafolini, in Via Pellegrini. 1586.

took place soon after the accession of Elizabeth, though it was not published till about the time of his death by his friend Rishton, another Jesuit, who died also before the second edition of the work was published. Several copies of the original work are extant in MS., but till they have been found it will be impossible to say how much is Sanders's, and how much belongs to Rishton. But the alterations even in the second edition were probably made by some other hand than Rishton's. Neither is it of much consequence, except as a matter of literary curiosity, to determine what parts are due to one and what to the other. The authority of one writer is not greater than that of the other. The writer, or the corrector of the MS., whichever it was, evidently had access to the originals in the Vatican Library, from which he has in one or two instances made what, for that time, must be considered remarkably accurate transcripts. And this, we may observe, is the principal value of the treatise *de Schismate Anglicano*. If Sanders and Rishton have sometimes given a wrong date to an Act of Parliament, their information as derived from Roman sources is extremely accurate.

A good example of their style, both as regards its defects and its excellences, may be seen in the little digression as to the state of Ireland which is introduced *à propos* of Henry VIII.'s assuming the title of King of Ireland, instead of the ancient name *Dominus Hibernie*. The story of the grant of the dominion of Ireland made by Adrian IV. to Henry II. is told so briefly that it is difficult to say whether the author is not confusing the original grant in 1154 by Adrian with the time of the actual invasion of Ireland under his successor Alexander III. He also appears to represent the consent of the Irish to accept the English monarch as their head as being somewhat more ready and unqualified than it really was. He proceeds to notice briefly the exactions and tyrannical conduct of the succeeding Kings of England down to the time when the Irish nobles made their complaint to John XXII. in 1317 against Edward II. We have no record of the reply to this celebrated remonstrance, but the Pope's letter to the King of England had never been printed till it appeared in Sanders's volume. It must, therefore, in all probability have been taken from the original in the Vatican. It is singular that, though the letter of remonstrance has been printed at full length in Fordun's *Scotachronicon*, this short letter, which is so intimately connected with it, should not have appeared in print till M. Theiner published his *Vetus Monumenta Hibernorum et Scotorum*. And though M. Theiner's volume has the advantage of appearing nearly three centuries later than Sanders's work, we are enabled from Sanders to correct as many as six errors of copying made by M. Theiner. Sanders's transcript is not absolutely correct, but is a fair representation of the original considering the period at which it was executed. And the same observation applies to the other original documents which he has printed from the same source.

We need scarcely remind our readers how the virginity of Catharine, the scandalous connexion of the King with Mary Boleyn, the exact number of children that Catharine bore to Henry, the adulterous life of Poynet, Bishop of Winchester, and numberless other little pieces of history which people have disbelieved because Sanders was the only authority for them, and because Burnet denied them, have been verified. For two of these facts we may refer to two previous articles (see *Saturday Review* for March 10, 1866, and July 18, 1868). For many others we must be content to draw attention to the remarkable set of papers published by M. Theiner, to which we have so often referred. It is impossible in a short article to give the evidence in full for our opinion—which has been formed after a careful comparison of Sanders with other original sources—that the reader should be especially on his guard against him when anything is alleged against Anne Boleyn or Elizabeth which is not substantiated or rendered probable from some other source; but that nevertheless his narrative is in general, as regards facts, trustworthy, and that even those who cannot throw themselves into the author's (no doubt prejudiced) view of the transactions of the period will learn more of the mode in which the changes in the Establishment were conducted than can be gathered from any other elementary history of the Reformation.

PUSHKIN'S EUGENE ONEGINE.*

OF by far the greater part of Russian authors the very names are unknown in the West of Europe. But there are also a few who have succeeded in obtaining some recognition of their merits out of their own country, and among them the first place is occupied by Pushkin. In Germany, thanks to several translators, but especially to Bodenstedt, his poems are almost naturalized, and in France his name has been rendered familiar by the labours of many admirers, the foremost among whom is M. Prosper Mérimée. Even in our own country the fact of his having existed is tolerably well known, and there appears to be a general impression among us that he was a deserving writer; but beyond this we fancy that, to most English minds, his name is suggestive of none but the vaguest ideas. To any one who cares to know more about him, the poem of which a French prose translation is now before us may be recommended, for it is not only a good specimen of his style of composition, but it is also a picture of the times in which he lived,

and one into which he has prominently introduced his own figure. From it much may be learnt as to what manner of man he was, and of what nature were the ideas in which he usually indulged.

The work was commenced during that sojourn in the South of Russia to which the enthusiastically liberal nature of Pushkin's earliest writings gave rise. As long as he remained in St. Petersburg he led the frivolous and dissipated life which the hero of his poem leads in the beginning of the story. Cordially received into the best society, to which his family and his position gave him access, and in which his talents rapidly made him distinguished, he eagerly flung himself into the gay whirl of the capital. But after a time its pleasures palled upon him, and he became, first, satiated with what it had to offer, and then utterly weary of it. His forced retirement was of the greatest service to him, for in the comparative solitude of his provincial life, and amid the picturesque scenery of the country through which he used often to wander along the shores of the Black Sea, he was able to hold converse with nature, and his moral tone was strengthened by a more bracing atmosphere than that which prevailed in the perfumed salons of St. Petersburg. But the harm that had been wrought was not easily to be remedied, and there still remained in him to a great extent the same weariness of soul, the same carelessness about things for which less spoiled natures long, which had characterized him in the gay world, and which he describes so forcibly in *Eugene Onegin*. What he says of his hero may well be applied to himself. "What was he, this strange being, melancholy and fatal? Was he an angel from heaven, or an evil spirit from the infernal realms? or was he merely a Muscovite in Childe Harold's cloak, a living illustration of other men's strange fancies, a complete dictionary of the current fashionable phrases?" But time produced its usual effect in him. At the age of about thirty he declared that he bade farewell to his "frivolous youth," and was about "to enter with mind serene upon a new line of life." His liberal ideas became singularly modified, and he gladly availed himself of the patronage and the pension which the Emperor Nicholas offered him. Several years passed by tranquilly, and it seemed as if his life would be at last happy one, when jealousy came suddenly to trouble it. Some anonymous slanderer persecuted him with letters attacking the character of his wife, and coupling her name with that of a Baron D'Anthes, who was one of her most assiduous visitors. Pushkin demanded an explanation of his conduct from the Baron, who explained that it was Madame Pushkin's sister whom he admired, and thereupon asked for permission to marry that lady. The marriage took place, and the poet's suspicions were quieted for a time. But the anonymous calumniator did not rest. Fresh letters, renewing the old charges, were sent to Pushkin, and again his jealousy and wrath were roused. He sent a challenge to the Baron, now his brother-in-law, and a duel took place between them, in which Pushkin was mortally wounded. Two days afterwards he died. This was in February, 1837, and in the thirty-eighth year of his life.

In the first chapter of *Eugene Onegin* the hero of the story is represented on his way from St. Petersburg to the distant estate of a dying uncle, whose heir he is. The sketch that is given of his previous career is, in fact, one of Pushkin's own entrance into life. His education being finished, he is introduced into the world of society, "dressed like a London dandy, his hair arranged in the latest fashion." He is thoroughly accomplished, for "he could speak and write French admirably, he danced the mazurka gracefully, and his bow was perfection itself. What more could possibly be desired. The world decided that he was clever and charming." But it is chiefly in carrying on an intrigue that his great merits make themselves apparent. In that line he shines pre-eminent. For a time he revels in bliss, then he grows weary of such cloying delights. He tries quarrelling, and becomes notorious as a duellist. But even duels lose their charm, and he seems likely to fall a victim to "the Russian *havrda*, the English *spleen*," and, "like Childe Harold, he shows himself in society melancholy and morose." Suddenly the news of his uncle's illness calls him into the country. Arriving at his journey's end he finds that his uncle is no more, and that the property is now his. So he settles down for a while as a country gentleman. The charms of nature delight him more than do his neighbours, and for some time he leads a solitary life, especially as he gives great offence to the surrounding proprietors by lowering the rate of contributions demanded from his peasants—a proceeding which gains him the character of a dangerous person of revolutionary tendencies. And so after a time he drops out of society, scarcely ever seeing any one, with the exception of a single friend. This is an enthusiastic young poet named Vladimir Lensky, who has "a thoroughly Gottingenish soul," and who has brought back from Germany all sorts of dreamy ideas about art, politics, and philosophy. The two friends find in each other's society a great solace, and delight in spending the long winter evenings together, discussing all sorts of subjects, such as "the mutual relations of peoples," the progress of science, and all the various problems offered by life and death and immortality. Lensky is engaged to a young girl, Olga Larina, to whom he has been tenderly attached ever since he and she used to run about the woods together as children. He naturally introduces his intimate friend to the family of his betrothed, and the consequence is that Tatiana, Olga's sister, falls desperately in love with Onegin. Olga is "always docile, always modest, always gay as the morning, candid as the poet's life, charming as the kiss of love. Olga had everything that could be desired—sky-blue eyes, flaxen hair, a supple figure, and her smile, her voice, her mien were en-

* Pouchkine. *Eugène Onéguine, traduit du Russe par Paul Bécau*. Paris: Librairie A. Franck. 1868.

chanting. But take up the first romance you light upon, and you will find her portrait accurately painted there." But Tatiana is utterly different. She had not her sister's beauty of feature nor her freshness of colouring, so she did not attract notice. Shy, melancholy, silent, timid as a fawn, she seemed a stranger even in her own family. She seldom sought the caresses of her father or her mother. As a girl she never cared about playing and romping with other girls, and would often sit a whole day alone, silently looking out of window. From her very infancy she was given to reverie; she never cared about needle-work of any kind, she took no pleasure in dolls. What she delighted in was novel-reading, or indulging in day-dreams while she watched the hues changing in the twilight sky. And so she grew up dreamy and romantic, full of ideas of people as they really are not, and perfectly ignorant of the actual life which is led in society. Such is the girl whose heart Onegin unconsciously wins as soon as he appears in her mother's house. She recognises in him immediately the ideal hero of whom she had so often dreamt, and she feels certain that life is not worth having unless it is spent by his side. Time passes by, and her passion gains in strength, but he remains unaware of it. At last, in her misery and despair, she determines to write to him, and tell him what her feelings are. She does so and gets her nurse to forward him her letter, which ends by saying "I place my fate in your hands, I implore your help with tears. I am alone here, I have no one to understand me, and I pine away in silence. But I await you; come and either kindle hope in my heart by a single glance, or let your disdain scatter the dream of my life." Onegin receives this singular letter, which touches but troubles him. His love-passages have been so frequent, his adorations have been so shortlived, that there is little romance left in him. He is an old man of the world, dis-illusioned and *blasé*, and therefore he attaches no great value now to a young girl's love. But he feels flattered by her appreciation of his merits, and sorry for the disappointment she is doomed to undergo, and he determines to spare her feelings as much as possible. The next day he calls at her house and has an interview with her in the garden, in which he reads her an irreproachable lesson. If he had been a marrying man, he tells her, he could not have wished for a better wife than she would make; but he is fickle and easily bored, and if she married him she would soon lose her romantic feeling for him. And so in the politest manner possible he declines to avail himself in any way of her flattering predilection for him. Of course she is deeply wounded, and her sorrow long refuses to be comforted. Time passes by, and she continues to grow paler and thinner, while Onegin shuts himself up more than ever in his retreat. One evening Lensky induces him to visit Madame Larina, and he finds to his great vexation that a birthday party is going on. To revenge himself on Lensky for bringing him out on such an occasion he takes to flirting with Olga, who seems by no means unwilling to be the object of his attentions. Lensky leaves the house in a rage, and sends his bosom friend a challenge. Onegin is annoyed, but cannot well refuse, and a duel takes place between the two comrades, in which Lensky is killed on the spot.

After this we lose sight of Onegin for some time. When we next meet him it is at St. Petersburg. He has travelled much in the meantime, a prey to a restless activity, but always leading an objectless life, caring neither for any person nor for any thing. Going one evening to a ball he is as much bored as usual, when suddenly he sees a lady enter the room who becomes the centre of general attention. The men crowd round her, eager to obtain a glance from her, and, what is more strange, the women make much of her too. The old ladies smile on her affectionately, the young ones press forward to meet her; "and yet her beauty was not striking, only from her head to her feet no one could have found anything in her of that which in the distinguished London circles is called *vulgar*. I cannot translate this word, but I admire it excessively." There is neither coldness nor forwardness in her manner; she is perfectly quiet and simple, she makes no pretension, and she succeeds in pleasing every one without availingly herself of any of the little wiles which women know how to use so well. To his great astonishment, Onegin recognises in this general favourite, this gracious but stately queen of the ball, the timid shrinking girl whose proffered love he had declined that day in the garden. On inquiry he finds that she is the wife of an elderly prince who is in relation of his. He renewes his acquaintance with her, and she receives him without any perceptible embarrassment. He becomes a constant visitor at her house. She is always frank and friendly with him, but she never makes the slightest allusion to the past, nor does she ever seem to set any special value on his presence. Naturally enough, now that she seems to disdain him, he falls desperately in love with her. He becomes a prey to a passion such as generally seizes only on the very youthful and the totally inexperienced. He even becomes physically ill, and at last, in sheer despair, he writes her a letter not a little like that which, in her girlish recklessness, she wrote to him. But no answer is returned, and when he meets her she passes him coldly by. He tries change, he tries study, he tries dissipation, but in nothing can he find peace. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, two figures ever haunt him. The one is that of his best friend, stretched lifeless by his hand on the snow; the other is that of the young girl who loved him with her whole heart, and whom his indifference reduced almost to despair. Her eyes ever seem to look pleadingly into his, and now he would give all that the world has to offer besides for one kind look from

those same eyes. At last one day he pays her an unexpected visit. He enters unannounced into her boudoir, and finds her reading his letter, the tears flowing down her pale cheeks. In a moment he recognises in the Princess the poor Tatiana of former days. It is no longer a stately and indifferent lady who is before him, it is a very sensitive and a very loving woman. He falls at her feet, he presses her hand to his lips. She remains silent for a time, she manifests neither astonishment nor anger. At length, however, she speaks. In very touching and very beautiful language she reminds him of the past, and how he had scorned her love when she was but a simple country girl. But now, she says, because she has rank and position, she sees he has changed his sentiment towards her. But it is too late now. She is married to another, and so she entreats him not to insult her by continuing to show his admiration for her. "And happiness was so near us, so possible for us!" she suddenly exclaims. "But my fate is fixed now! It is your duty to leave me; I beseech you to do so. I know you really hold honour and self-respect dear. I do love you—what is the use of denying it? But I belong to another, and I will be true to him as long as I live." So saying, she leaves the room, and Onegin remains alone, his mind a prey to any but enviable thoughts. At this point the story ends.

We had intended to say something with respect to the changes which have taken place in Russian society, and in the whole tone of Russian thought, since the time at which it was written. Then the character of Onegin was by no means an uncommon one. The young Russians of the upper classes had little to think of but amusement and intrigue, and their lives too often were as uselessly spent as Onegin's was. Now a great change has come over the face of society, and with it a great alteration has been produced in its thoughts and feelings. And this alteration it would be very interesting to trace at length. But to do so now would lead us far beyond our limits. Before taking leave of the book we ought to say that the translation will serve to convey a tolerably adequate idea of the author's meaning, though it is scarcely as literal as a prose version of a poem ought to be.

THE LANCET OF THE SOUL.*

THE boils on the souls of men have come to a head—lance them." The veiled prophet of this stern though rather unsavoury revelation has afforded no note or sign from which the world may learn either his name, his race, or his dwelling. The strange and difficult operation in spiritual surgery which he commands must be performed by unskilled hands, without his supervising eye, and without even the opportunity which the healers of bodily ills through the book-post—the class of benefactors to humanity whom he appears most nearly to resemble—are accustomed to allow, of obtaining advice by letter, for a consideration. We are not able so much as to learn whether we are to apply the lancet to our own souls, or to seek the friendly aid of our neighbours, performing in turn the same office for them. The prophet, indeed, is in England still—perhaps even in London. Parts I. II. and III. of his message "to the nations" have been delivered during this year; the last-named as lately as the autumn. He will remain among us till next year, when Parts IV. and V. will be proclaimed. Then he will vanish. For five years longer the nations must wait, and meditate on his words, and assimilate, we may hope, his doctrine. At the end of this period, "Part VI. will be published in September, 1874." A shadowy intimation may possibly be conveyed by these details as they appear on the title-page, very dimly hinting the person of our instructor. It is known, also, that some of the previously undiscovered and most remarkable facts of physical science which the pages of this book record were, in the early summer, orally communicated to a selected few by a grey-haired, venerable-looking person, who was zealously labouring in a metropolitan borough to promote the candidature of a supporter of Mr. Disraeli. Is it possible, we have asked ourselves in perplexed and patient curiosity—for September, 1874, is a long way off—is it possible that under the antiquated and authoritative garb in which

—he hath told wondrous things
Of time forepast and gone,
And to the princes of the world
Declared his grievous moan,

the long-looked-for solution of the great Asian mystery may be near at hand, interpreted by the Wandering Jew?

Five or six years scarcely count for much in prophetic chronology, although the time may seem long in a publisher's advertisement; and it will be allowed that the nations of the world have a good deal to do in the interval. The lancing of the boils on men's souls, which is of course but a preparation for the healing of the spiritual system which the reception of the new prophecy will bring, includes, among other things, the overthrow and annihilation of Popery, Ritualism, and Geology, together with the removal of all the ministers of all the known religions of the earth, and of nearly all, if not all, its rulers and legislators. Only five or six years! No wonder that the summons is urgent:—"In the name of ——"—the precise wording might seem on such a page as ours profane, and we omit the adjuration.

* *The Boils on the Souls of Men, &c.* Parts I. II. and III. London: Heywood & Co. 1863.

tion—"to you, oh ye nations of the whole earth, these words are sent." But as the nations of the whole earth may not as yet be able to read the new commandments in the vulgar tongue, it is considerably announced that, while the copyright is reserved for a limited time in Great Britain and Ireland, "everywhere else it will be free from the day of publication," and we doubt not that it will receive the amount of polyglot attention which it deserves. For ourselves, we commend the revelations of this latest prophet to that portion of the nations of the world under whose eyes our columns fall, and especially, if we may be allowed to mention names, to Professor Huxley and the scientific disputants of Sion College, who may all learn much which they never heard before, and believe it, if they like.

The first man, Adam, it is made known to us, received from God "one soul, which should be subdivided among all his descendants, in like manner as a lump of gold, may be divided into countless millions of atoms, each atom being as truly gold as the great lump." This property of souls—which unluckily, in our experience, does not extend to the "lumps of gold" called sovereigns—by which one soul and many souls are exactly the same thing, and the plural number is the division of the singular, will explain at once the peculiar grammatical construction which runs through this address "to the nations." "Those who overrule thee, Oh nations! are unwise." "Oh foolish nations! following like silly sheep the foolish antics of a few of thy people not a whit wiser than yourselves!" Adam, being thus created by God with one infinitely divisible soul, was not at first competent to carry out the process of self-dissection; "and God purposed" accordingly "that out of the male man should proceed a female man"—as the Reviving Barristers have been by this time made well aware—"that from them might proceed countless millions of their kind." The first "female man," Eve, "was born out of a rib of the man Adam" as "a beauteous female infant." This fact is repeated more than once, probably because it was not stated with sufficient explicitness in the Book of Genesis that the original gift to Adam of a "help-meet for him" was the gift of a baby to nurse.

Fortunately, the nations now are not left to "the Holy Scriptures as their guiding light" alone, but may "disseminate its (the Holy Scriptures') light and this little explanatory book" at the same time; the book apparently having issued out of the Pentateuch as "a beauteous infant" to be a help-meet for the Holy Scriptures just when it was needed. The author will, we are sure, pardon us, as our issue is but weekly and our space limited, if we can only indicate slightly the perfections of his work, and are unable to fulfil to the letter his solemn charge, "Ye members of the press in every nation, publish in your papers, word by word, the contents of this little book, that the minds of all men may be quickly comforted." When the "female man" had grown up, which took "some time" to accomplish, "the man Adam and the female Eve" being "as brother and sister" meanwhile, God, who had hitherto "taught them all that was requisite for them to know," "left them to act of their own free will without prompting," and for this purpose "with-drew His Holy Person from the earth," which, from the time of the Creation, He had inhabited. The Fall of Man was the immediate result, but the explanation which the "little book" supplies of the Scriptural narrative at this point we must really decline to "publish in our paper."

It must not be supposed that, while the nations are thus enlightened on the hitherto obscure question of the appearance and multiplication of man upon the earth, they are to be left in the dark on the earlier and wider subject of the genesis of the earth itself and of the material universe generally. Nothing can be more precise, distinct, and complete than the new revelation of the cosmogony, nor can any statements be more dogmatic and authoritative than those in which it is communicated "to the nations":—

Before the sun, the moon, the countless stars, and this round earth were created, all that vast space within reach of the telescopes of man during a clear and starry night, and immeasurably far, far beyond, was filled with gaseous matter without life, shape, or motion. Four different kinds only of inert gaseous matter were there:—1. Oxygen. 2. Hydrogen. 3. Nitrogen. 4. Latent Heat.

"Latent Heat" in an earlier portion of the work had been explained to be "that hardest and densest of all substances" "which is heat in a state of rest, having no warmth." Out of this "hardest and densest of all substances," pervading in the form of "inert gaseous matter" the whole of unlimited space, "God made the sun to be a large, dense, cold ball"; and the making of it was on this wise. "Diffused throughout this cloudy matter was the Holy Spirit of God," "alone imbued with life" when all else was dead. At length God, having "determined to found a kingdom in heaven for the angel Christ"—the little book, it must be remembered, is an explanation of the Bible, and explains, on this point, the Epistle to the Hebrews—in which kingdom "it was necessary that the future King should have subjects," "determined further to build a habitation outside of heaven, which should be glorious within and gloriously set in the midst of innumerable stars," that these subjects might "live and multiply in their new earthly home, as in a school, for a time." This habitation was, of course, "the round world." "The Holy Spirit," therefore, "moved amid the inert gaseous matter, giving it motion. God said, 'Let there be light'; and instantly all the latent heat"—"that hardest and densest of all substances"—"throughout that heretofore dark, quiet, vast space, rushed to one spot; and in twenty-four hours all had accumulated

together and formed the sun; the sun being dark, not yet shedding any light. This occupied the first day"; the statement in the "only inspired writings in the world" that "there was light" being thus explained to mean that there was not. "On the second day" "the sun burst forth a glorious mass of light, and the electrical flames at once caused all the then vivified matter to condense into great solid balls in millions," "pulverizing the surface of one of them, the earth"; upon which, on the following day, "vegetation was made rapidly to grow in the electrified virgin soil." "One of the balls, the moon," was "on the fourth day placed near to the earth," on which at a later period it was to exercise an influence which has never till now been even hinted at, much less satisfactorily explained. For in process of time, after the birth of the "female man" had resulted in the Fall, everything on the surface of the round earth became visibly changed for the worse. "The lion" and the great carnivora left off "eating herbage," and, "with the other living creatures, acquired injurious properties." "Vegetation became impure and poisonous," which will account for the change of diet adopted by "the lion," but which leaves some unexplained difficulty in connexion with "the lamb"; "the air and the water became corrupt," "the garden rose degenerated into the wild rose," and "the happiness of the earth was wrecked," for, as "the children of Adam multiplied," "women greatly exceeded in number the men." Then "God, in His holy anger, caused the moon to go much nearer the round earth, and remain there during forty days and forty nights," so that "the dormant solar heat within the earth and the moon became together, as it were, a great and powerful galvanic battery"; "the earth became, as it were, a sun to the moon, and the whole surface of the ground was quickly split and disrupted." The earth, in fact, exploded, and went under water, till at the end of the forty days "God removed back the moon"; "the decomposition of the ground and of the mountains ceased"; "the oxygen and hydrogen of the superfluous waters entered into fresh combinations with the only other earthly element, nitrogen"; "and they solidified once more into earthy and metallic matter, which settled, with the sweepings of the oceans and of the old continents and islands, to the bottom of the water, into strata." At the same time "the trees that were torn up by the Deluge," having "been removed by the waters thousands of miles," were "caused to accumulate in masses and sink to the bottom of the muddy waters, with the natural sap in them, that it might help to convert the fibrous wood into coal, and to sink horizontally in layers," "piling it only in what God intended should be habitable land, that it might not be wasted."

The remaining history of the Old Testament is explained upon the same principle of interpretation as that which underlies the scientific exegesis which we have, however imperfectly, attempted to present in a condensed form to our readers among "the nations of the earth." The New Testament, so far as our instructor has yet proceeded, is made the subject of the same kind of exposition; but we do not venture on any epitome of the Christian dogma as thus presented to our view because, in the existing state of unenlightened public opinion, it would only bear the appearance of a tissue of blasphemous absurdity. Before the return of the prophet in September, 1874, the nations may perhaps have learnt, in Europe and in America at least, to "be not credulous concerning spiritual things, neither shortsighted, but to prove all things by the light of common sense"; to "be sternly matter of fact, to give credence to what is true, but to abhor that which is untrue"; and if, further, they shall have learnt to "suffer no man to be a teacher of the people who is defective in a knowledge of the spirit of the Holy Scriptures," it may reasonably be doubted whether the necessity of the publication of Part VI. in September, 1874, may not be obviated. But while a London publisher can be found who thinks it worth his while to print the sort of matter which this volume contains, and to head its title-page, in connexion with sacred words which we have purposely refrained from quoting, with an announcement about spiritual boils and the lancing of them, we fear that there is much of truth in one proclamation of this queer prophetic messenger which appears almost at the opening of his book, "Verily the minds of men have been filled with nonsense," or worse.

FLOSCULI LITERARUM.*

IT were much to be wished that the honours of a dedication involved a supervision of the proof sheets. Patrons of old were probably unable to understand any portion of the works dedicated to them except the prefatory panegyric. It was a farce from beginning to end. The patron knew that the work launched through his imprimatur was beyond his depth, and knew too that the author was aware of this. And hence arose a precedent—which, it would seem, is still in force—of seeming sanctions which in reality are no sanctions at all. An unsophisticated reader of the announcement on the dedicatory page of *Flosculi Literarum* might be disposed to account "the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., &c. &c." responsible for the "exactness" of the translations from "the poetry of all time" which are thus inscribed to him, and to doubt his conscientiousness and refinement when faults of taste and execution are discovered. But the real state of the case, doubtless, is that Mr. Gladstone has had some one or two speci-

* *Flosculi Literarum, or Gems from the Poetry of all Time.* Faithfully rendered into English Verse by John George Harding. London: Edinburgh Wilson. 1868.

mens at most submitted to him, and, on the strength of these, has thrown the legs of his name over a collection sadly in need of reconsideration, rearrangement, and *lame labor*. Mr. Harding's *Mecenas* has, we may assume, lacked leisure for perusing the "flosculi" which he has adopted. He may have glanced at a gem from Virgil or a floweret from Homer, and have been prompted by good nature to credit the whole work with the casual good points he has lit upon in a part of it. But, whatever may be the duty of a patron, that of the critic forbids him to overlook "lîches" in volumes of more than ordinary pretension, especially if there is ground for a suspicion that, stripped of the *éclat* of an illustrious sponsor, this pretension has little to justify it. What we fail to find in *Flosculi Literarum* is sustained merit. There are passages which come up to the mark of passable translation, and stray lines here and there which are exceptionally happy; but there is withal a sad deficiency of pains bestowed upon finish and neatness, and a strange neglect of an author's duty to turn out his book free from inaccuracies and blunders which are a slight to the reader.

The plan of Mr. Harding's volume is not amiss, though it savours of boldness to cull two passages from Virgil, two from Schiller, half a dozen from Homer, and single specimens from Aeschylus, Lucretius, Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus among the ancients, and from Goethe and Voltaire among moderns, and to dub this medley "gems of the poetry of all time." It would be easy to name beauties in any and every one of these authors far transcending in merit the specimens cited. But we are more concerned to examine the claim to "exactitude" which the dedication puts in, because, in our view of translation, exactness is a prime virtue—a virtue which, to tell the truth, seems to us to have met with considerable neglect in the volume before us. And this neglect is of various kinds. We have rarely met with so carelessly printed a book. No sooner have two or three fairly rendered translations from Schiller's "Song of the Bell" and from "William Tell," from Virgil's Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* and from Hector's Meeting with Andromache (Il. vi.), whetted our appetite for a feast of poetry, than excruciating misprints set our teeth on edge and stir up wrath against blunders which it is idle to saddle upon the printer. For example, Nestor, in his address to the chiefs in Il. i. (pp. 57-61), is made to discourse of "Cneus," and "Perithous," and the *Appian Plains*, where the Greek words are severally *Kavîa*, *Πειρίθοον*, and *τηλότερης Αἴγινης γαῖας*. Hector, in the Sixth Book, is made to defy prosody and topography by talking of the "Hyperian rill" (*Υπερίην*) as the well whereat Andromache shall one day brim her pitcher; and Ovid prophesies for himself an immortality consisting in a "name *ineluctable* for evermore" (p. 127). Nor is any greater amount of care bestowed upon the Greek. In a notable passage, upon which Tennyson and hundreds of minor poets have tried their hand, at the close of the Eighth Book, occur the lines—

οἱ δὲ μέγα φρονιστες, ἐπὶ πτολέμου γεφύρης
ιεῖσθαι παννύχιοι,

and it has always been a question whether *ἐπὶ γεφύραις* or *ἀνά γεφύρας* should be read. Mr. Harding adopts neither of these, which might have equally passed muster, but prefers to read *ἐπὶ πτολέμου γεφύραις*, the reading of all others most simply impossible. It may indeed be said that misprints of the kind noticed above are not likely to mar the enjoyment of English readers, though they may vex the eye of scholars. But there are other textual blunders which will confuse the most devoted admirers of their own vernacular. In translating

*Ἀλλοι τε Τρῶες μίγα κεν κεχαροίστο θυμῷ,
Faith, exultation all Troy's host would seize,

Mr. Harding has produced an English sentence which we might challenge all English schools and schoolmasters to attempt to parse. After intense application, indeed, to the unravelling of the mystery, we have come to the conclusion that a little adjustment of punctuation would put it right. Nestor is meant to interlard his speech with an oath or an expletive, and to say—

Faith, exultation all Troy's host would seize.

But how this sense was to be derived from the English version as printed and punctuated by Mr. Harding, we are at a loss to conceive.

To pass from typographical errors to mistakes of style and flat misapprehensions of meaning, we cannot help thinking that the editor of *Flosculi Literarum* has forgotten to what class of persons such a work appeals. It is addressed not to the run of ordinary readers accustomed to commonplace and slipshod, but to scholars whose taste has been formed upon the very fields of classical poetry which are professedly represented. To such it seems something very like sacrilege when they come upon the slovenly treatment of passages which in the original bespeak the handiwork of masters; and ill can they brook the semblance of reproduction which contents itself with a halting style, and an ungrammatical translation of picked passages that are most perfect in their kind. We are compelled to say that these *Flosculi Literarum* abound in faults of style and interpretation. Constantly do such constructions as

Why weep, Achilles? Why those tear-drops fall?

suggest that the translator either does not know when an ellipse is justifiable, or that he does not care to write good English. Constantly are absolute constructions, such as the line

Rent the Greek's gift Briseis (?) Briseis) from my heart.

introduced into the translation, to the great hindrance of its readability as a piece of English poetry. And akin to these faults is a slatternly habit, which reminds one of a schoolboy's fondness for getting "jam" and "jamjam" without rhyme or reason into his hexameters, and "usque" or "atque" into the tail-ends of his pentameters—the habit of eking out lines of translation from Dante, Homer, Virgil, and the rest with the expletive "all," as thus:—

That I all wandered vagrant from the path (p. 27);
She makes all tremble each heart-pulse of mine (p. 33);
Spake hoars by reason all of silence long (p. 31);
Hope's outcast all, through cowardice supreme (p. 45);

and as in many more cases where "all" is not only redundant, but is an inelegant mannerism. Sometimes, too, a concurrence of slipshod English and mispunctuation results in a murder of sense, revolting to ear and feeling alike. Lesbia's sparrow itself might have been trained to more articulate speech than this, which represents its departure "to that bourne" which needed no signpost in a note of Mr. Harding's:—

Qui nunc it per iter tenebris oscum
Illiue, unde negant redire quenquam.
Gone now that darksome road *thereby*,
Whence egress all, the gods deny.

The parsing of these lines, and the justification, if it can be found, of the phrase "an old elm's-tree pride," instead of "an old elm-tree's pride," may be thrown out as nuts to crack for school-teachers and organizing masters.

But Mr. Harding's faults of interpretation eclipse even those of deficient style. In many passages he takes refuge in amplification, and excites our curiosity to learn how a translation can lay claim to exactness which, for example, gives, as an equivalent for "Ατρεΐδης ὁ ἵπισθεντος ἵπινος" —

And Atrides' ire
Flashed living flame before these words of fire.

Elsewhere it is, perhaps, a feeling that it does not much matter to the sense, which induces him to translate *μεσσηγγήν νεών* ἦδε Σάρθον ράσσων (p. 80), "Twixt Xanthus stream and *towers of Troy*," instead of "between the ships and Xanthus' stream"; but, unless he is prepared to plead guilty to translating Homer without a lexicon, it is hard to see how he can palliate such blunders as

Ζώσταρ εἶ ζώσην ἵκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀράριν,
Then she endued a robe of hundred pleats,

which he could have avoided by simply looking at Lord Derby's version, "her zone from which a hundred tassels hung." In the chorus of the *Prometheus* too (pp. 86-7) the rendering of

φεῖ, φεῦ, τὶ ποτ' αὖ κινάθισμα κλίνω
πτλαγοῖσινων;
Alas! alas, when near me shall approach
The rustling sound of birds

goes a good way towards justifying a suspicion that the professor of exact translation who thus rendered the Greek is more or less hazy on the subject of what is and what is not literal. Certainly, when Mr. Harding endeavours to steer close to the Latin or Greek, he not unfrequently knocks his head against a wall, as may be seen in the first line of his translation from an elegy of Tibullus. The poet says to his mistress,

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum,

and one would have thought that common sense might keep a translator straight in interpreting such an expression. Women are not in the habit of being enticed away from their lovers' caresses by the blandishments of their own sex; and so it might have been patent to any one that the sense could not be what Mr. Harding has made it, "No fair shall thee from my fond arms allure," but must be what even the Delphin editor would have shown him, had he recurred to that familiar authority, "No woman shall rob you of my love," "nulla puella tibi subtrahet meum thorum"—a very natural protestation of a fervent admirer. The clue to the sense is of course found in an enallage of case, "nobis tuum lectum" being equivalent to "nos tuu lecto," and it might have been well for the credit of Mr. Harding's "flosculi" had he discovered this before he went to press. There is no blunder of the press here, although, in the instance which we are about to cite, the printer seems to have done his part to make Mr. Harding's work ridiculous. We refer to the passage headed "Hector's Obsequies" (p. 117), and to the translation of the lines,

σαρία λειχαὶ λέγοντο κασίγνητοι θέραποι τε
μυρόμενοι, θαλερὸν δὲ καρεῖσθο δάκρυν παραπν

Thence brothers—comrades—calcined *relicts* bear,

Whilst down each cheek distills the burning tear.

What on earth are "calcined relicts"? We were aware that Mr. Gladstone had discovered cannibalism to be an Homeric institution. But the disciple goes beyond his master. It must surely be Mr. Harding's belief that Sutteeism is also Homeric, and that brothers and comrades wept because the "relicts" of their companions-in-arms chose to go and "calcine" themselves, instead of trusting to the pity of survivors.

We are quite free to acknowledge—indeed we have already said as much—that there are some pieces in *Flosculi Literarum* of better material than aught which we have quoted; but really the faults greatly outweigh the merits. Nor, until the typographical errors are remedied, should we be justified in sending readers, by

the decoy of picked quotations, to a volume which in its average passages would puzzle their wits and try their patience. Some of the scraps which eke out the volume are destitute of the faintest pretension to be classed with gems of literature. Indeed, we marvel not a little that Mr. Harding had the courage to include in his collection "The Flute-playing Ass," from the Spanish of De Iriarte. We disclaim all intention of instituting comparisons; but when he translates with such unctuous the moral of this slender story,

Devoid of art
Small asses bray,—
And hit the mark
In mere chance way,

we cannot help asking him which is the more ridiculous, a chance hit or a deliberate miss!

THE MARSTONS.*

THOUGH originally published in serial form, this novel has few of the vices of that form. It is not made up of a succession of jerks and gasps, as are most of the books which, having to carry on the reader's interest from month to month, make it a point of conscience to round off each section with a mystery, a murder, or a surprise. It runs smoothly enough, and leads the story through its various complications and entanglements without any very break-neck leaps into sensationalism. It is a pleasantly written novel, and efficient for its class, which is good second-rate. But this is worthier art than a higher aim with more indifferent workmanship. It might have been made a great deal better certainly, and there are one or two weak places in both plot and execution which considerably mar its excellence as a whole; but where is the work that has not some weak places in it? and is not the whole that has no flaws simply perfection?

The story of *The Marstons* is so far psychological that it deals with character rather than with plot; but, beyond the mere rudimentary psychology of a noble woman's learning to despise the man she was in love with because she finds out that he has a mistress, and of an ignoble woman clinging to the same man through all his wrongdoing, there is no great attempt to show the secret workings of the inner soul. Still, the book can scarcely be called a book of construction so much as of character, though the plot is by no means bad when taken by itself, and the interest of the story is well sustained throughout. The Marstons are rich merchants, who come down to the exclusive and aristocratic neighbourhood of Fordingham—a cockney retreat, half an hour by express from London. Mr. Marston is a man past seventy, shrewd but benevolent, testy but kind-hearted, punctual as clockwork, monotonous in his manner of life, and with a profound dislike of all outward emotion, yet delighting in tales of horror or daring. He is blind, but does not recognise that fact even to himself, always blaming the fog and the bad gas and the want of good fires, such as he used to have. And his children, Rupert and Olivia, humour this innocent delusion, and allow him to believe himself darkened by fog and defective gas rather than by disease. The society at Fordingham boasts, among other magnates, the rich and vulgar Pomfrets. Mrs. Pomfret, the daughter of that typical essence of vulgarity (in novels) a retired soap-boiler, is bent on making a show and a family; consequently she is both exclusive and aspiring; but she relaxes in favour of the Marstons, and soon becomes as fond of Olivia as a vulgar woman with her mind set on worldly grandeur can be of anything. She has four children, two sons and two daughters, the elder son being a lout, but the younger a fine fellow enough. Mrs. Pomfret wants to get up a marriage between this eldest son of hers and Olivia Marston; but the lout prefers some one else, while a certain handsome, cornet-playing nephew, Julian Westbrook, wins the outside of Olivia's heart, so that the brainless young heir's chance would have been more than doubtful had he even cared to try for it himself. While these little manœuvres and cross-purposes are going on, the great house of Lozados in Portugal, where Mr. Marston has all his money, and whence he would not withdraw even Olivia's fortune at Rupert's earnest desire, goes to the ground, and the blind man and his daughter are left nearly penniless. Miss Clorinda Pringle, otherwise Aunt Clo, a vain old maid with a flaxen wig and indistinct ideas about truth, who until now has been living with the Marstons, affords a certain antidote to the bitterness of poverty by leaving the falling house, and Mr. Marston and Olivia go up to London, where they take lodgings in what seems to be meant for the Adelphi Terrace, and where Olivia keeps up both the pretence of the fog and the pretence of undiminished means. She has saved one or two of the more valuable household gods from the general wreck, and she amuses her father with pretty tales, and sets aside his queries with all sorts of loving falsehoods to explain the necessity for their move; a pious fraud which would be utterly impossible in real life, but which does well enough in a novel where the author has it all his own way. Meanwhile, Rupert has gone abroad on good salary, leaving Olivia strict injunctions not to see or communicate with Julian Westbrook in his absence, he having taken a deadly hatred to that person because of his looseness with regard to women.

In these Adelphi lodgings live, first, a grave and saturnine

artist, a Mr. Thompson, who is a tragedy and a mystery in one; and secondly, a Mrs. Elliston and her aunt. Mrs. Elliston is a singer, marvellously beautiful, but unfortunately as false, vain, heartless, and unprincipled as she is lovely. Mr. Thompson's keen insight shows him that something is wrong with her; but Olivia, whose womanly instincts ought to have been as clear for guidance as the man's insight by knowledge, sees nothing to warn her, though much to perplex, and makes an intimate friend of this chance lodger of doubtful circumstances, as few English girls brought up in strict seclusion and propriety would have ventured to do. Mr. Thompson is also admitted into the Marston intimacy, and, under his tender tuition, Olivia learns to forget Julian Westbrook, whose fascinations had once threatened to be so dangerous to her peace. On her part she leads him away from the contemplation of his miserable past, and induces him to believe that the whole race of woman is not hopelessly corrupt because the former Mrs. Thompson had, it seems, been less sober than she might have been. Rupert, still in California, writes home unpleasant letters of suspicion and advice—for he is an awful prig—but his warnings only serve to render his prudent sister's incautiousness more remarkable; for Olivia is meant to be the very model of propriety, good feeling, and good sense, so that the reader is startled when she does things which any romantic schoolgirl would be ashamed of. But if Homer nods at times, why may not "Hamilton Aide" go to sleep? Presently Olivia learns that Mrs. Elliston has a child which is not the late Mr. Elliston's, and that she is a worthless little puss, take her character how one will. The father of the child is of course Julian Westbrook, and thus the spell which had been formerly thrown over Olivia is broken for ever. The child dies, and Olivia is called to its bedside in the absence of the mother; but even this does not estrange her from the pretty and improper singer, though she reads her some necessary sermons, and professes herself to be shocked, as she well may be. Soon after this Mr. Marston dies, and Olivia goes up to Bayswater to join forces with Aunt Clo—the same Miss Clorinda Pringle who had come down to Fordingham with the flaxen wig and elaborate toilet, and fancy sketches of lovers that never existed out of her own imagination. Aunt Clo has views for Olivia, and those views do not include Mr. Thompson the artist. He has already expressed himself clearly enough to the young lady; but we have an inexorable third volume; and Olivia therefore, in consideration of that fact, behaves like a fool, and refuses him on a misunderstanding of how matters really stood with him. Also, on account of the same fact, Mr. Thompson on his side behaves like a fool, and lets Aunt Clo banish him from his love and his country at the very moment when his presence was most wanted. So now we have Olivia left to the tender mercies of the little old maid in a flaxen wig, who boasts of her descent from Robert the Bruce's henchman and of lovers whom she never had, and who has for her nice dreams and views.

This time it is a certain Algernon Tharpe who is angled for. He is a good-natured, ignorant cub, honest and true and single-hearted; but a cub, and nothing more. Still he is to be rich some day when his father dies, though, being an illegitimate son, he will inherit only by favour and not by right; but being rich means all the same to Aunt Clo as being handsome, brave, well born, or clever would mean to any one else. It is on the very slender chance of being able to induce Olivia to accept this cub when he proposes, that Miss Pringle turns Mr. Thompson adrift by means of false information cunningly conveyed. Of course her scheme fails, and Algernon Tharpe is dismissed when his hour has come. Rupert now comes home, and soon after his return is introduced to Mrs. Elliston, who is flourishing through life as Madame Stellino, the protégée of old Lord Dumberly, and of half a dozen virtuous and highly-placed dowagers. Years ago Rupert had seen the little vocalist in an omnibus, and had been much struck by her. The admiration excited then, and never quite forgotten, soon turns into something warmer on a nearer acquaintance; and in a very short time the incorruptible young merchant is madly in love with Julian Westbrook's discarded mistress. Olivia is miserable. On the one hand, there is her promise to Clara—Mrs. Elliston—never to betray her secret; on the other, there is her brother's honour. What is she to do? She hints her perplexities to her lover, Mr. Thompson, her fiancé—now turned into Sir Warwick Milton by a mild repetition of the old ballad story—and he takes it on himself to find out all that can be found out against the too bewitching Madame Stellino. He succeeds. But though Rupert is told the whole damaging history, he does not cast off his fair enslaver. Seeing that his principles are rigid, his pride excessive, his will of iron, and his love for his sister intense, this is rather weak on his part, and scarcely up to the mark. Though he has always loved Olivia more than his life, he is now ready to turn against her in favour of Clara Elliston, and to believe the one mean and false rather than the other anything but virtuous and unfortunate. All he asks is, that Clara shall deny her still passionate love for Julian Westbrook, and that she will swear she loves him, and him only. As Lord Dumberly has had a paralytic stroke, the little actress does as she is desired; then hurries to meet Julian on his departure, and to have one more interview with him. His love for her has long since given place to a contemptuous indifference, but she cannot drive him out of her heart. There is something in this which seems to suggest a recollection of Julie in *Leone Leoni*, but perhaps it is only a faint coincidence, not intentional. She meets him in the rain, and Julian repulses her brutally; which

* *The Marstons*. A Novel. (Reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine.") By Hamilton Aide. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

he would not have done. Then she falls fainting in the wet and mud, and Rupert, who has seen and followed her, finds her there. As he lifts her up he sees round her neck a locket with Julian Westbrook's portrait, and a withered forget-me-not inside. He had thrown the flower into her lap a few days ago, with a half insolent carelessness, as one sure that his little floral parable would be understood. The finale is now at hand, and more or less poetical justice is done on puppets whom the author was too merciful to slaughter. Madame Stellino goes to Australia, and Rupert in time marries Mary Pomfret, who has been in love with him ever since she was a little girl; Olivia and the baronet of course marry comfortably enough; and Julian Westbrook degenerates into a peevish middle-aged young man about town, with an increasing waistcoat and a decreasing list of victims. This is his punishment for his sins, and an appropriate one.

The story is well told, if at times a little spun out, evidently because of the requirements of space. It would have been improved by compression—better in two volumes than in three, and better if there had been no need to furnish a certain amount of "copy" by a certain date, no matter whether the subject in hand required that special length of treatment or not. The serial is a disastrous form of publication, save with such a purely constructive and artificial writer as Mr. Wilkie Collins; with simpler authors it is a snare which not one in ten can avoid.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LECOY DE LA MARCHE'S interesting volume * forms one more link in the chain of works by different authors on the history of French sermon-literature. Many years ago M. Charles Labitte gave us an account of the turbulent preachers who during the sixteenth century stirred up the excitable Parisians on behalf of Ultramontane fanaticism; M. Bungener came next with his amusing *Sermon sous Louis XIV.*, so keenly appreciative of Bourdaloue's true eloquence, and of Massillon's florid commonplace; then we had the Abbé Vaillant and the late M. Gandar's conscientious and exhaustive history of Bossuet's pulpit discourses. We are now taken back to the middle ages, and M. Lecoy de la Marche invites us to study the progress of sacred oratory from the days of the Roman Empire to the Reformation. His work, originally written with a view to one of the prizes offered by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, is certainly the best treatise we have hitherto read on a subject which is both difficult and rather unattractive. The ground which M. de la Marche treads is comparatively new, and his materials, instead of being printed volumes easily accessible, were for the most part MSS. scattered throughout the various libraries of Europe, in many instances imperfectly catalogued, and the study of which required either expensive travelling or the assistance of a large body of correspondents. He has, however, very successfully surmounted these obstacles, and his work deserves in every way the reward it has obtained from the Académie. The plan adopted by M. de la Marche may be briefly stated as follows:—He reviews in the first instance the preachers themselves, both regular and secular, giving short biographical notices of them, and describing the position they occupied in the estimation of their contemporaries. The sermons come next. In what part of the church were they delivered? What was the language generally used? Different kinds of sermons are discussed, with reference to questions of style, preparation, delivery, &c. Then, as the purpose of the discourses thus pronounced by the ministers of God was to correct the manners of the people, to remonstrate with them on their vices, and to direct them in the path of duty, the third and concluding division of the volume is devoted to an appreciation of the effect produced by the sermons of mediæval divines, and, consequently, to a sketch of society at that epoch. Our author gives in an appendix a biographical table of great value, which must have required much patient research. It contains an alphabetical list of the names of all the sermon-writers of the thirteenth century who have left any record of their preaching, together with the dates of their birth and death; a list of their sermons, and a short notice of the peculiarities which these sermons contain; references to the authors who mention the discourses; and an enumeration of the MSS. and printed editions.

M. Thorin's list of educational publications continues to be very attractive. Let us recommend here M. Ernest Dugit's *brochure* † on the Areopagus. A distinguished member of the French *école d'Athènes*, M. Dugit has had the opportunity of studying his subject amongst the ruins of the city where the Areopagus itself held its sittings; he could meditate upon Athenian law-courts, with Mars' Hill standing just in front of him, and, whilst transcribing and collating the vague texts which ancient authors have left us on the subject, he could also examine the evidence supplied by the monuments of architecture or sculpture. It is unfortunate that the work of Aristotle which would no doubt have furnished us with the best account of the constitution and duties of the Areopagus has reached us only in a fragmentary state; and although frequent allusions to the great tribunal of Athens occur in the writings of Thucydides,

Xenophon, Lysias, and Demosthenes, they are far from clear for us, however easily they might be understood by contemporaries. Considering this difficulty, it is almost a subject of wonder that M. Dugit should have produced a work so satisfactory as the present disquisition. He examines the subject from every point of view, and avails himself of the information contained in the labours of other historians, such as Wachsmuth, Ottfried Müller, and Grote.

M. Buron has given us within the compass of a small duodecimo * a valuable *résumé* of the history of European literature, both ancient and modern. It would of course be unreasonable to expect in such a work more than a few leading characteristics of the principal epochs, together with a very brief notice of representative authors. Such books, however, are useful when, like M. Buron's, they are complete and impartial; they serve to refresh the memory, to bring together in a condensed form details worth remembering, and at any rate they answer the purpose of works of reference to larger compositions. The chronological tables added by the author are particularly worthy of notice.

Voltaire's criticisms on Corneille and Racine have always been quoted as specimens of what prejudice can do to blind writers who are generally deemed discriminating in their praise or their censure. M. Bonieux has devoted a very interesting volume † to the discussion of the arch-philosopher's literary theories, and he takes the opportunity of stating his own views about the masterpieces of French dramatic poetry. Fault has often been found with both Racine and Corneille for their adherence to artificial rules, and for the total absence in their works of what modern critics call "local colouring." The characters they introduce are Frenchmen under Greek and Latin names; they transport us to the Court of Versailles, not to Rome, to Athens, or to Byzantium. M. Bonieux endeavours—we will not say with what success—to refute the charge thus brought against his favourite poets, though he acknowledges that they have sometimes erred in that special direction.

The Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon I. † increases in interest as it goes on. No doubt omissions become more and more frequent; we know not what may be the importance of the documents withheld, and details are probably concealed which might have shed new light upon the events of the day; but still enough remains to illustrate the character of Napoleon, and the suicidal policy which led him to waste the energies both of his people and of his allies in the Russian campaign. Sufficient proofs are now before us to show the real causes of the failure of the expedition. We can study the circumstances of the burning of Moscow, and the petty devices employed by the Emperor to conceal his desertion of the army during its disastrous retreat. Interspersed with the bulletins, letters, orders of the day, and statistical accounts, are notes of a miscellaneous character, which form not the least interesting part of the volume. Laconic messages to the Countess de Montesquieu thank her for the care she takes of her young charge, the King of Rome; hints about Mallet's conspiracy are thrown out, and Savary receives orders to hush up the whole affair as much as he can. Directions are given to the Prefect of the Seine to keep the working-classes employed, and to have expensive constructions begun in all parts of Paris. One of the most curious of all is a note in which Barbier the librarian is ordered to send off a few amusing books to the Emperor, then at Witesk, "because of the leisure time he had, and which it was difficult to while away." Three weeks more, and Napoleon would find that not a single moment could be spared from the terrible responsibilities of the war.

The book composed by M. Steenackers on the invasion of 1814 § in the department of the Upper-Marne will be read naturally as a sequel to the Emperor's Correspondence; it is the first instalment of a work in which the author purposes to describe the principal episodes of the struggle carried on by the French for the defence of their country. M. Steenackers does not conceal his intention of reading present events by the light of the past, and the battle of Sadowa and the Treaty of Nickolsburg suggest themselves frequently to him whilst he describes the movements of the Prussian army in the north-east provinces of France. He considers that the Treaty of Westphalia alone equals in importance the recent negotiations over which Count Bismarck has presided, and he regrets to see that his country is reduced to that state of weakness, relatively to Prussia, which had hitherto been the position of Prussia relatively to France. Whatever may be the merit of M. Steenackers' work as a political *ouvrage de circonstance*, it is interesting from the details the author gives us respecting the campaign of 1814, though we regret that it should be spoiled by that pretentious style which we have already had to find fault with in his book on Agnes Sorel.

M. Clément Duvernois has stated with much clearness and much energy, in the preface to his new book, the causes which made the French expedition to Mexico so disastrous ||, and the course which, in his opinion, the Emperor Napoleon should have

* *Histoire abrégée des principales Littératures de l'Europe, ancienne et moderne, avec tableaux et sonnantes.* Par L. L. Buron. Paris: Thorin.

† *Critique des Tragédies de Corneille et de Racine par Voltaire.* Écrit par B. Bonieux. Paris: Thorin.

‡ *Correspondance de Napoléon I. Vol. XXIV.* Paris: Plon.

§ *L'Invasion de 1814 dans la Haute-Marne.* Par F. F. Steenackers. Paris: Didier.

|| *L'Intervention française au Mexique, accompagnée de documents inédits, précédée d'un préface de Clément Duvernois.* Paris: Amyot.

* *La Chaire française au moyen âge, et spécialement au XIII^e siècle.* Par A. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: Didier.

† *Étude sur l'Aréopage Athénien.* Par Ernest Dugit. Paris: Thorin.

followed to render it, on the contrary, one of the most glorious events in his reign. Western Europe, he remarks, is threatened by the rapid development of two great Powers—Russia on the one side, the United States on the other. In this juncture the evident interest of France was, he contends, to found or to protect in America a Power capable of counterbalancing the influence of the United States, in the same way as it has been considered a sound policy to prop up Turkey as a barrier against the encroachments of the Czar. The difference, however, as M. Duvernois observes, is that whereas the Crimean war, undertaken for the defence of the Ottoman Power, was carried on with the support of that Power, the French took into Mexico only fresh elements of discord and revolution. The sole feasible policy would, he argues, have been to support the Liberals against the growing exigencies of the United States; instead of which Napoleon III. made himself the tool of a few ambitious adventurers who wanted to bring about the revival of mediæval institutions, and thus his army met with neither sympathy nor encouragement. M. Duvernois thinks at the same time that, however faulty the conception of the war may have been, there was no reason why the war itself should not have proved successful if proper means had been placed at the disposal of the men appointed to carry it out. The Legislative Assembly, moreover, was kept in the dark as to the difficulties of the undertaking, and the complication which had arisen between the Emperor Maximilian and the French generals. Such is the sum and substance of our author's preface. The book itself is interesting, well written, and illustrated by important State papers. It comprises the whole history of the Mexican campaign, and of the cause which brought it about.

The Paris International Exhibition has suggested to M. Ernest Chesneau the idea of his new work.* It is a review of the progress made by the fine arts in the different countries, not only of Europe, but of the world; the Japanese themselves having a special chapter reserved for their endeavours as painters. M. Chesneau informs us gravely that the attention bestowed by the Parisian public upon English pictures during the Exhibition was merely the result of a feverish craving after novelty. Thus, he adds, children are often seen throwing away a fine ripe plum, and biting a sour apple. The comparison is not very elegant, and the idea it is intended to illustrate is hardly flattering to this country. We cannot, however, complain that M. Chesneau has neglected us; for, as far as space is concerned, we have the lion's share in his book. The conclusion at which he arrives is that fine arts international exhibitions may be useful to a certain extent, but he is afraid that they tend to destroy originality, and to excite those artists who are not first-rate to cast their inspirations into a too uniform mould.

There will soon be in France, says M. Lavigne†, only two parties, politically speaking. Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, Bonapartists—all these classifications will disappear sooner or later, and we shall have to choose between the men who wish to secure the perpetual influence of diplomacy, and those who, more wisely, would forward by sound economy the principles of civilization. It is somewhat curious that, in spite of the dearly-bought experience of ages, France should still linger so fondly in the track of Louis XI., Richelieu, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. Are war and diplomatic *finesse* really the causes of a nation's greatness? Is there anything to be gained by interfering with our neighbours, as in the case of Italy, Germany, and Mexico? Let us adopt nobler and more reasonable ideas. Instead of spending so much money in ruinous armaments and in expeditions which produce no tangible good result, why should not Frenchmen, our author asks, colonize as their neighbours do, and develop the immense resources of Algeria just as England has developed those of India? Whether France really possesses the qualities of a colonizing race is a question that has long been discussed and is still unsettled; but at any rate, before the excellent ideas propounded by M. Lavigne can be carried out, it will be necessary that a complete change should take place in the ideas of foreign policy which obtain amongst our neighbours. The ill-success of the French Emperor's interference in Italy and in Mexico may perhaps bring this to pass; in the meanwhile, let us thankfully register M. Lavigne's name on the list of those who do not believe that the real greatness of a country is in proportion to the power of its armies and the dexterity of its diplomats.

M. Alexandre Chaseray takes up once more the argument‡ which has already been so often maintained by Messrs. Caro, Jules Simon, Janet, and others; he seeks to defend the existence of the soul against the opinions of materialists. His small volume, originally intended as a couple of lectures, now appears under the form of an essay, enlarged, revised, and enriched with copious notes. M. Chaseray produces no new argument against materialism; he merely states afresh the objections made by other philosophers to the champions of the school represented by Cabanis and Broussais, giving at the same time a rapid sketch of the doctrines identified with the names of Descartes, Maine de Biran, Barthez, and Charles Bonnet.

The Handbook of Magnetism published some time ago by Baron du Potet has now reached its fourth edition.§ The

author inveighs of course, in his preface, against the errors of physicians, and urges them to abandon the lancet and the surgical knife for the gentler process of magnetic "passes." He accuses them of being generally wrong in their diagnosis, and always barbarous in their treatment. There is no hope that mankind will ever be, hygienically speaking, in a normal condition until the modern Purgons and Diafoirus have completely disappeared. But in spite of Baron du Potet's glowing declamations, we cannot help being still incredulous. If magnetism is true, is it conceivable that it should not have yet succeeded in overcoming prejudice? Could the most energetic alliance and combination of all the physicians throughout the world successfully oppose a reform backed by common sense and, to take a lower ground, self-interest? Homœopathy seems to be gaining ground; why not magnetism, if magnetism is so very reasonable?

The title selected by M. Deschanel for his amusing volume characterizes it admirably. *A bâtons rompus** is a collection of essays quite unconnected with each other. Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, the separation of Church and State, and the Bendigo diggings, have supplied the materials for some of the papers, and the wide range of subjects which this short list indicates bears evidence to the discursiveness of M. Deschanel's talent. One of his best chapters is devoted to the arrangement of his library. Starting with a short notice of Mader's *De Scriptis et Bibliothecis Antediluvianis*, he revises many a bookshelf, taking here one volume, there another, opening for the hundredth time the poet or the historian whose works he has covered with his marginalia, admiring once more a favourite passage, and moralizing over an event of former days. Statistical details, dry as they appear, have their merit. What thoughts, for instance, suggest themselves when we read in a sort of blue-book, printed in 1789, some months before the taking of the Bastille, that the expense of shaving His Most Christian Majesty amounted every year to exactly 180,000 livres! There are still, no doubt, many reforms to be introduced, even in France, but at any rate royal beards cost much less in trimming now than they did seventy years ago.

Figaro's ancestors, if we may believe M. Marc Monnier†, have existed from the creation of the world; the slaves of the Greeks and Romans, the serfs, the negroes, the *prolétaires*, all belong to his numerous family, and if Sir Bernard Burke were to trace his genealogical tree he would find it as luxuriant and entangled as the virgin forests of the tropical world. In the crowd there are, however, some representative men; Molière's Sganarelle, for instance, Regnard's Crispin, Frontin, Sancho Panza, and Gil Blas. Why did not M. Marc Monnier include in his list Launcelot Gobbo, Andrew Fairservice, and Corporal Trim? His sketches are slight but rather ingenious, and he has analysed with much accuracy the literary merits of some of the chief French comic writers. He shows us M. Hugo in *Le Roi s'amuse* and *Ruy Blas* not only, as Beaumarchais did, turning into ridicule the whole political constitution of modern Europe through the medium of an impudent lackey, but avenging the outcasts of society, sword in hand, upon their rulers, and playing the part which, in the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, was assigned to Fate.

M. Edmond About has already once left the realms of fiction for those of reality, and his volume entitled *Le Progrès*, which we noticed at the time of its publication, was a sufficient proof that novelists are not always unpractical. We have now to draw the attention of our readers to another book‡, by the same author, on commonplace topics, which, however, are not the less puzzling because they are commonplace. It appears that a few years ago M. About was led to correspond with a few Paris *ouvriers*, and the result of this correspondence was a request on the part of the workmen that he would kindly help them to solve the various problems of political economy. What did he think of Trades' Unions? of the relations between capital and labour? of strikes? of middlemen? The author of the *Mariages de Paris* undertook to meet the wishes of his correspondents, and the result is now before us in the shape of *L'A B C des Travailleurs*, a small duodecimo extending just over 300 pages, but containing within that short space more truth and good sense, clearly and tersely put, than we have seen in many volumes three times the size. The chapter on strikes is one which ought to be extensively read by both masters and men; it shows that no Government whatever can permanently alter the relative position of capital and labour, and that the State, even if represented entirely by *prolétaires*, would be powerless to enforce and maintain a rise of a halfpenny in daily wages.

No one can expect a Frenchman to have a good word to say on behalf of *Monsieur de Bismarck*§, and therefore, if the brochure we are now mentioning bore the signature of one of our Gallic neighbours, there would be nothing in it to surprise us. But M. Louis Bamberger, if we mistake not, is a German, and as he is a decided miso-Bismarck into the bargain, his production is somewhat remarkable. The Prussian statesman, in M. Bamberger's opinion, is an aristocrat, who invokes the idea of progress not on account of any sympathy which he has for liberty, but merely

* *A bâtons rompus, Variétés morales et littéraires.* Par E. Deschanel. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les Aînés de Figaro.* Par Marc Monnier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'A B C des Travailleurs.* Par Edmond About. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Monsieur de Bismarck.* Par Louis Bamberger. Paris: Lévy.

* *Les Nations rivales dans l'Art.* Par Ernest Chesneau. Paris: Didier.

† *La Politique de la Paix.* Par G. Lavigne. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Conférences sur l'âme.* Par Alexandre Chaseray. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *Manuel de l'Étudiant: Magnétisme.* Par le Baron du Potet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

[October 3, 1868.]

because it is a convenient political war cry; Germany would disown him as its representative, and France has nothing to fear from the Teutonic race.

M. Lévy-Bing attempts to revive amongst the Jews*, his fellow-religionists, that faith which in every community seems to be on the decline. The short meditations which he publishes are, of course, based exclusively on the teaching of the Old Testament, but they are of general application, being simply developments of the great principles which Christianity itself recognises and confirms.

* *Méditations religieuses.* Par L. Lévy-Bing. Paris: Didier.

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UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will commence on Monday, November 2, 1868.

Full details as to CLASSES, EXAMINATIONS, DEGREES, &c. &c. in Divinity, Arts, Science, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar" 1868-9, published by Messrs. EDMONTON & DOUGLAS, 88 Princes Street, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.; by post, 2s. 10d.

JOHN WILSON, *Secretary to the Senate*.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.—The SESSION will begin on Monday, October 5. Prospects may be had on application.

TRENTHAM REEKS, *Registrar*.

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—THE EXAMINATION of CANDIDATES for KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS will take place in the Chapter Room, on Friday the 20th and Saturday the 21st of November, 1868, at 9 A.M., when Six Scholars will be appointed to supply the present Vacancies. These Scholarships (18 in number) are of the annual value of nearly £40 (250 in money, with exemption from Classical Fees), and are tenable at the School for Four years, to which a Fifth may be added. The Dead-line for Applications is October 15. Any one under Fifteen years of age, whether previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided always that his parents are not in wealthy circumstances. Candidates are requested to send in their Names, with Certificates of their Birth, and statements of circumstances, to Mr. Edward PEEL, Registrar to the Dean and Chapter, The College, Durham, on or before Monday, November 5. Further information may be had by applying to the

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